Walter Terry in Leningrad

Sol M. Linowitz on Kissinger's Latin American Foray

Saturday Review

April 17, 1976

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THE NIGHTMARE THAT WON'T GO AWAY

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A Plea for Nuclear Disarmament

One Man's Nucleomitaphobia

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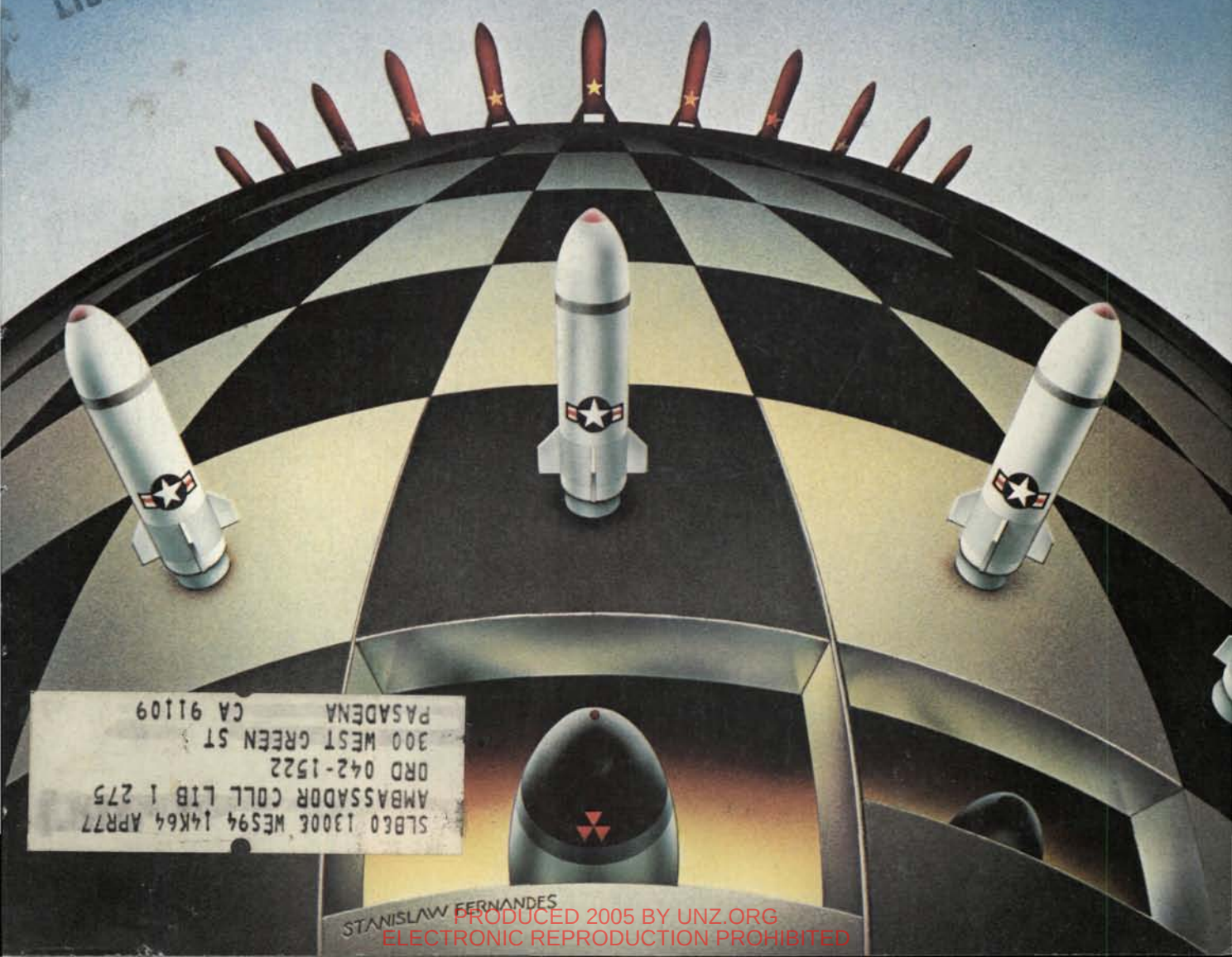

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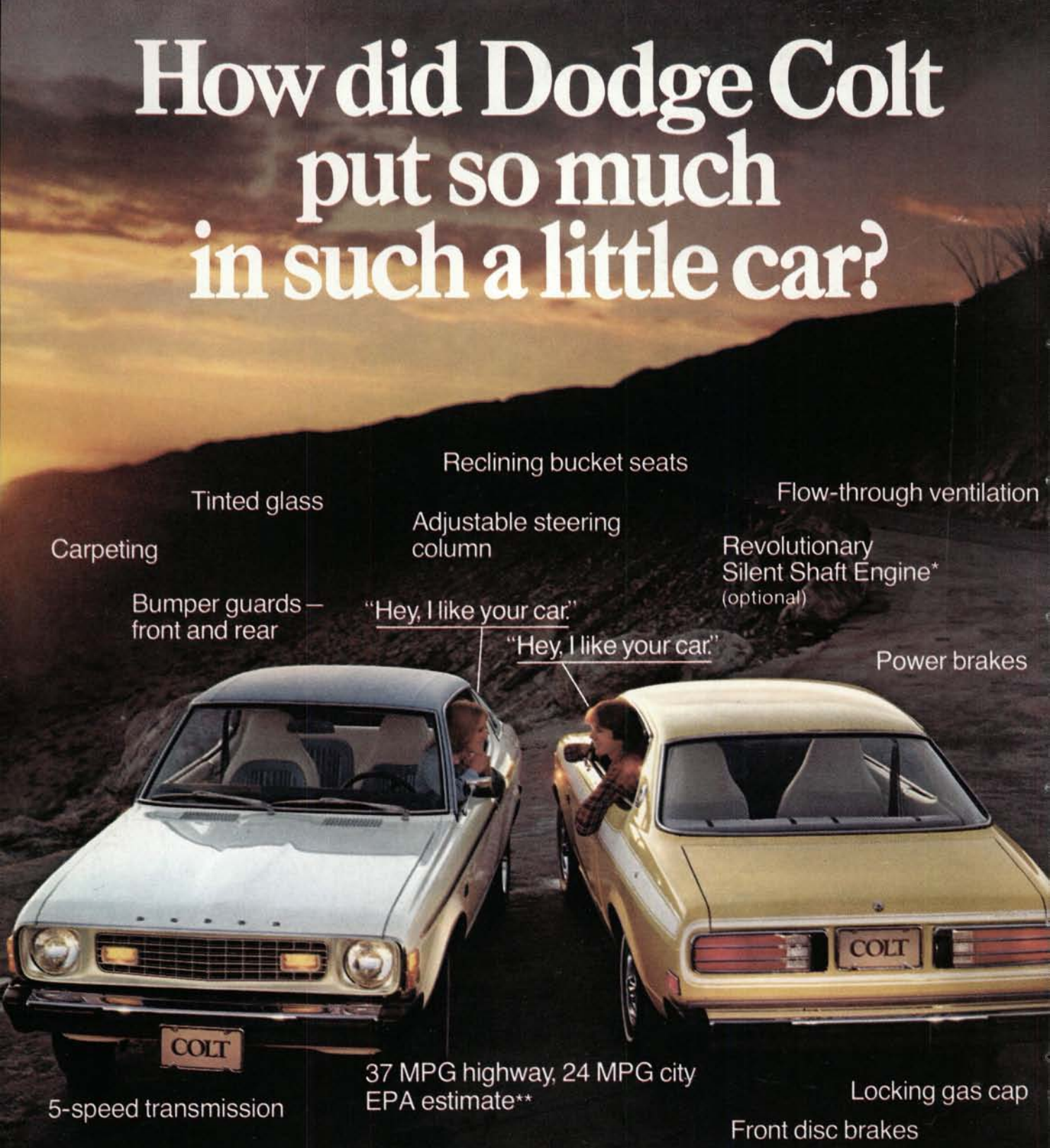

Introducing the '76 Dodge Colt Carousel (left) and Colt GT (right). With five-speed manual transmissions and 1600 cc engines they both got 37 MPG on the highway, 24 MPG in the city. And Colts come in three other models, too: Coupe, 4-door Sedan and 4-door Wagon. **Prices start at $3,175.** (Base sticker price for a 1976 Colt Coupe. Not including taxes, destination charges, license and title fees and optional equipment. California prices slightly higher.)

Dodge

*Silent Shaft available only with optional 2000 cc engine. Carousel model with Silent Shaft Engine requires optional automatic transmission.

**EPA estimates for 1976 Dodge Colt GT and Carousel with 1600 cc engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. In California see your dealer for mileage data.

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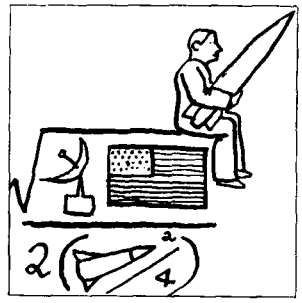

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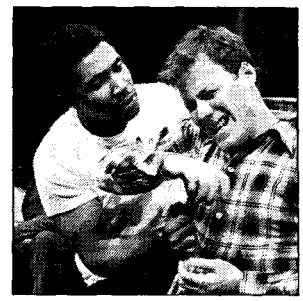

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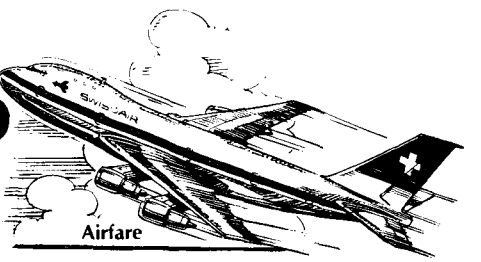

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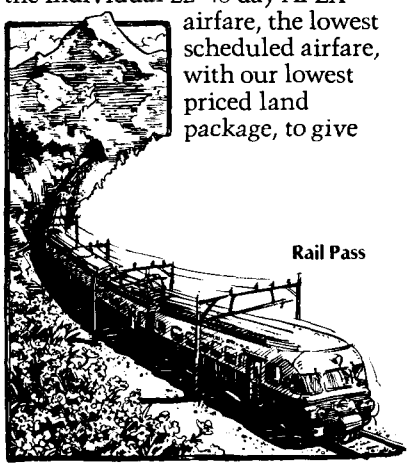
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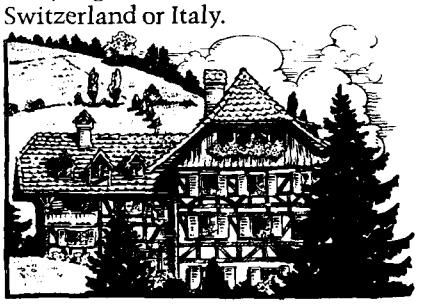
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The Third Most Powerful Man in the World

Next to Gerald Ford and Leonid Brezhnev, the most powerful man in the world is not Mao Tse-tung or the head of any other government. The third most powerful man in the world is a commander of a Trident submarine.

A single Trident submarine today carries more destructive force than all the military establishments of Great Britain, Italy, Spain, Brazil, Argentina, West Germany, Japan, the Philippines, India, and Pakistan put together.

A Trident has built into it an undersea launching platform for thermonuclear bombs, some of which contain more explosive force than a thousand atomic bombs of the kind that destroyed Hiroshima in 1945.

Theoretically, the American people ought to feel completely secure in the fact of such power being deployed in their behalf. The Trident has almost unlimited mobility; it can launch an attack on any country of its choosing, yet it is practically immune to counter-attack by being able to hide in the seas.

But there are problems. A Trident has both the advantages and the disadvantages of being an autonomous war machine. The men who operate it are in a position, theoretically at least, to make their own decisions about the use of the total power at their command. Suppose one of them decides, out of what he believes to be a higher patriotism, to activate a thermonuclear bomb. Trident commanders are human beings subject to all the stresses and quirks of human personality that make other mortals fallible and unpredictable. We can be certain that every test for stability and reliability has been applied in the selection of Trident officers. But psychologists cannot guarantee that any individual will not be seized at some point by a totally irrational idea or by an aberration. All we know for sure is that the Trident officers have in their hands more power than had been accumulated by human beings in recorded history up through 1945.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union may not have submarines with Trident capability, but what they have is ominous enough—snorkel-type subs with launching platforms for intermediate-range missiles. This relative lack of range does not prevent the Soviet submarines from getting close enough to our shores to make every major American city a potential target. And the same questions must be raised about the danger that a Soviet submarine commander might take it into his head to trigger a holocaust.

Military and political annals are replete with examples of men—from the lowliest orderlies to generals and rulers—who took it upon themselves to use available force for an insane purpose. As recently as the Vietnam War, there was the example of the bombing of Hanoi without the express order of the President. Some years ago a French colonel flying over Algeria dropped bombs without authorization on a populous target.

The main threat to human life in this world has invariably been represented by the irresponsible use of force. Even well-intentioned men have lost their sensibilities when they have had unchecked power at their disposal. Nothing was of greater concern to the American Founding Fathers than the ease with which men in authority collect power and then abuse it. If John Adams and Alexander Hamilton were alive today, what would they say about the fact that submarines of the United States and Soviet Union are roaming the oceans and that their commanders have the ready means to annihilate an entire population and start civilization on a downward spiral?

The Trident submarine is a logical development in an illogical situation. Given the existence of an explosive that can incinerate a million human beings, it is logical in military terms to try to devise highly mobile delivery systems that enjoy a wide margin for error and that cannot be easily hunted down and destroyed.

But there is a higher logic that needs to be asserted today. That logic must begin with a full understanding of what nuclear war is all about. Historically, the main purpose of a nation's foreign policy is to protect the lives, values, and property of its citizens. If this purpose becomes impossible because of the nature of nuclear explosives, then much of the official policy on national security is not security at all but an illogical venture in mass suicide. The hard truth is that the only security for the American people today, or for any people, is to be found through the control of force rather than the pursuit of force. In turn, such control of force must be connected to the existence of a world order capable of administering justice and dealing with basic causes of war.

This is a good time for anyone who is running for the Presidency to talk sense about the connection between world peace and a workable world order. And unless a Presidential candidate understands the global nature of most of our other problems, he disqualifies himself to deal with the major issues of our time.

Is it too much to hope that the Presidential candidates will address themselves to the question of a world made safe and fit for human habitation? This is the main test. Everything else is peripheral. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

The Busing Controversy

I was disappointed to read N.C.'s editorial about the failure of busing for racial balance ("Busing Reconsidered," January 24). Obviously the experts concur; the research is in; the decision has been reached. Another case of too much, too soon!

Why weren't parents like myself and children like mine consulted before deciding the verdict? My five-year-old rides a bus to school for grades 1 to 3 in a predominantly black neighborhood and is having a wonderful year. My nine-year-old son has done his stint on the buses and enjoyed it; in grades 4 to 6 the black children are bused to our predominantly white neighborhood school. Along with their black classmates, the children not only receive a quality education, but they all have a definite advantage in learning racial harmony.

Busing in Kalamazoo has achieved no magic in its short four years. But the children in our fine schools are having a definite extra learning experience—that of being exposed not only to classmates, but also to teachers and administrators both black and white.

Before busing came to Kalamazoo, we had numerous outbreaks of violence in the secondary schools, and no wonder! Most children had no exposure to those of other races before junior high school, and that already-difficult educational level also imposed the added difficulty of learning to cope with racial differences. Now they learn to cope with and even appreciate racial differences at a much earlier age.

In addition to this and to maintaining quality in education, improvements of many kinds have been demanded and made in some of our city schools which were previously ignored. We have had no white flight, and busing has not "produced deep fissures," although initially there was some ugly behavior on the part of white parents.

We have adjusted well, and busing is a success. Kalamazoo can't be all that unique in this success. If it is, we should be even more unique in the future when our children grow up to benefit from the racial harmony in our city. When we can see the effects of quality education *for all* on employment and housing patterns, then we may be ready to listen to the experts' verdicts about the success of busing.

Millie Pritchard
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Thank you for the courageous editorial. Busing *is* a failure. Blacks can only be integrated into society through residential integration. It is an anomaly that hundreds of thousands of white persons fringing the black inner cores of our city desperately want integration, rather than resegregation of their communities, but that our urban policies deny stabilization to these integrated communities. I suggest that blacks can be brought into the American mainstream only by placing their homes in the mainstream. Some way must be found to stabilize the integrated communities that are the boundary between blacks and whites. Also, black communities, of perhaps 1,000 persons each, should be created throughout our metropolitan areas. Then there would be no "safe" place to run. We would then have both human and school integration without busing.

Melvin M. Landau
Chicago, Ill.

There are two issues to be distinguished in the desegregation of our schools. The first is a constitutional one which requires the end to dual school systems and equal access to educational opportunity for minority groups. Busing has been used by federal courts only as a last resort, after lengthy litigation and often-obstinate efforts by school boards to block desegregation. These efforts are not "circumstantial" but, as proven by the courts, premeditated and carefully devised manipulation to maintain separate school systems. In many instances busing could have been avoided had school boards—in their building programs, in the drawing of school-district lines, and by other means—not encouraged and even enforced geographical separation to maintain educational separation. While busing is not a panacea, when no other remedy exists busing is imperative to preserve rights guaranteed to the children by the Constitution. And these rights rest on the principle of equal access. The fact is that there are numerous communities in the United States in which busing has successfully served as a remedy to the constitutional issue.

The second issue of educational achievement is one that bedevils educational institutions in American communities whether or not they have been desegregated. There is as yet no substantial proof that busing has had any influence for good or ill on the achievement of students. It is premature to assess this issue. It is unfair to quote Coleman alone when other equally reputable and dis-

"Fourteen people love me, 22 people like me, 6 people tolerate me, and I only have 3 enemies. Not bad for a little kid, huh?"

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tinguished social scientists arrive at exactly opposite conclusions. In some communities desegregation has brought with it an advance in educational achievement. But this has little relevance to the busing issue. Educational achievement is a challenge which must be dealt with, but not to the detriment and denial of constitutional requirements.

Your call for a White House Conference is probably unrealistic in an election year. However, because more objective facts and precise information are required to inform this vital discussion, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights has launched significant nationwide studies of school desegregation. The results of this multiple study effort will, hopefully, be available by September 1976. Meanwhile, to put it simply, an integrated society requires desegregated schools. A segregated society will maintain segregated schools. A segregated society is a blemish on the conscience of America in 1976.

Murray Saltzman
U.S. Commission on Civil Rights
Washington, D.C.

. . . Busing has had problems; that much is clear. If, however, we are to evolve toward an integrated society—one which embodies diversity *without cost* to persons of any group—it is hardly clear that these problems call for abandonment of desegregation in education.

. . . You say that "busing hasn't worked." Yet how much busing have we really had? How many children have been affected by desegregation that "hasn't worked"? How much time do we give the "busing experiment" before we abandon it? Despite the dramatization of busing failures, there are countless instances of educational and social progress being made in *recently* desegregated schools—even in the strife-torn Boston school system. These instances of interracial cooperation are encouraging and suggest that, for a change, some *important* learning is taking place in these city schools.

Secondly, the intransigent failures have been highly localized. Difficulties in places like South Boston High School do suggest that pure "forced busing" is not the *only* answer for every situation. Instead of an abandonment of desegregation, however, these failures would seem to require an imaginative consideration of alternative sites and programs, many of which have constructive implications for the quality of education experienced by *all* the students involved.

Finally, your citation of Prof. James Coleman's work as evidence for your position is regrettable, since it is far from clear that he has *ever* tested the effects of desegregation. There is evidence, even in the brief time we have had to examine this question, that bused students are more likely to go on to quality colleges, and that black students gain a greater sense of solidarity (something that may be very functional in a largely white society). Expectations for achievement results require far more time than we have had to date.

In fact, one can argue that what we need is not less but *more* desegregation. Considerable evidence points to the destructive impact of social-class isolation, and an imaginative approach to education suggests possibilities for incorporating social cooperation among heterogeneous groups *in the curriculum*. It would seem, in sum, that your editorial is exactly the kind of statement that would encourage regressive forces in education.

Edward P. Morgan
Oberlin College
Oberlin, Ohio

"I invited Lisa down for the weekend and she sent me a rejection slip."

Iberia Explored

Thank you for publishing the brilliantly written article about post-Franco Spain by Allard Lowenstein ("Spain Without Franco," February 7). I have been an admirer of his for several years now but had heard little about him recently. What a pleasant experience to find his thoughts expressed in the pages of *SR*.

Not only does Mr. Lowenstein provocatively portray the mood of a country that has long occupied a special place in the minds of many thoughtful Americans, but also he brings into focus foreign-policy issues with which all Americans should be concerned.

Mr. Lowenstein challenges the American consciousness of the past and present plight of Spain by appealing to our reason, not merely to a collective sense of guilt—which would have been easy enough to do. And in the process of putting our policy toward Spain in historical perspective with our overall foreign policy, he has asked questions that I hope will be considered carefully by all Americans, who might then be able to encourage more intelligent decisions by our policymakers in the future.

I've been a subscriber to *SR* since 1968, and I've never been more pleased with the format and content of the magazine.

Joel Seguine
Carbondale, Ill.

Archeology Supported

We were extremely grateful to read the excellent article by Katharine Kuh ("UNESCO and the Jerusalem Digs," January 24), which reinforces our own personal observations.

Archeology is a passion and pride of the Israelis, young and old. They are reverential in their regard for and treatment of the antiquities. In the face of extreme budgetary strictures, at no time has there been a lowering of the standards of scientific excellence. . . .

Dr. and Mrs. Leo Orenstein
New York, N.Y.

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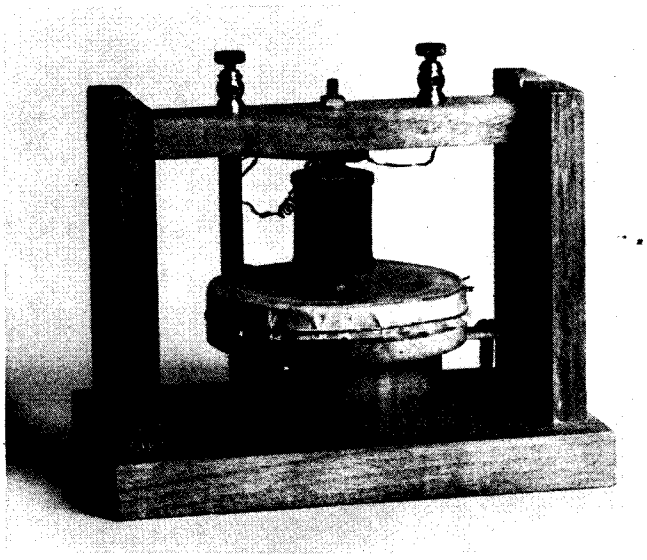
One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Now that you've invented the telephone, Professor Bell, how can you make it so people can afford it?

Alexander Graham Bell's fingers were all thumbs in mechanical matters. He had a sensitive ear, an original mind, and a deep knowledge of speech and hearing. These assets enabled him to invent the telephone "mentally." But translating the concept into a working model required mechanical gifts he did not possess. And manufacturing telephones for use by the public posed still other problems.



Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone

To be fair, very few people had any experience fabricating electrical devices in 1873, when Bell began the investigations that led to the telephone. Samuel F. B. Morse's telegraph, invented in 1835, was the only important commercial use yet made of electricity. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was only 14 years old. Thomas Edison's electric light was still some years in the future.

In the United States, some of the most concentrated work on new applications of electricity was being done in the workshop of Charles Williams, Jr. at 109 Court Street, Boston. Inventors including Edison took their ideas to Williams, who translated them into working models—or more often, into models that did not work.

Thomas A. Watson

Bell sought Williams' aid in 1874. The helper assigned to him in January 1875 was Thomas A. Watson, aged 20. Bell was 27. The two complemented each other marvelously. Watson had his own sort of genius—for the practical business of putting together metal and wood and glass to form devices that would do what he wanted. The collaboration between the two men produced, on March 10, 1876, that famous first telephone call: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."

Bell foresaw a time when telephone service would link the cities of the world. But that required vast improvements in the telephone and in telephone connections. The newborn Bell Telephone Company set out to make those improvements. Watson hired two assistants, and began what would be called today a research and development

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program. He made the experimental phone sturdier, and devised a hand-cranked magneto to ring a bell. Williams began manufacturing Watson's designs. The invention's financial backers organized telephone companies in various cities, raised additional capital, and hired a General Manager, Theodore N. Vail.

The Western Electric Manufacturing Co., Chicago 1881

By 1879 demand for telephones exceeded the capacity of Williams' shop. Manufacturers in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were licensed to make telephones under the Bell patents. More were needed. One company in Chicago had gained considerable expertise in making telegraph equipment. Years later, Watson reminisced, "When a piece of equipment built by Western Electric came into our shop...we always used to admire the superlative excellence of the workmanship." In 1881, Bell Telephone acquired a controlling interest in Western Electric, and in 1882 made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of reasons. Western Electric workmanship improved the quality of voice reproduction by telephone, a step essential to winning wide public acceptance of the new invention. It ensured reliability. When repairs were needed, standardized parts from Western Electric made for speedy restoration of service. A fourth advantage concerned the evolving nationwide network: a single manufacturer could see to it that telephone equipment throughout the country would work together compatibly, thus assuring the "interconnectedness" of the network—its capability of connecting any two phones.

The Engineering Department of Western Electric joined in the search for telephone improvements. Managers of local companies made suggestions based on day-to-day experience with customers. Outside inventors worked out refinements. Bell Telephone management weighed all the ideas, in terms of value to customers and practicality in manufacture. The best ideas were incorporated into the phones being made.

Organizational "feedback"—the subtle flow of engineering information and understanding within a technologically oriented enterprise—was a novel concept in those days. But the young telephone industry had already achieved a union of the successive stages of effort essential to the development of a coherent telephone system. Today Bell Laboratories is responsible for research and development. Western Electric looks for—and finds—better ways to make things. The 23 regional Bell companies provide telephone service and report back their needs and the needs of their customers. And American Telephone and Telegraph Company management provides overall coordination and guidance. Some of the names are different, but the functions had been established by 1882.

Vertical integration is one name economists give to this form of corporate organization. In a typical case, raw materials change to finished product with suc-

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cessive stages of manufacture integrated under one company. For example, a printing company might own paper mills and even its own forests. But there is a difference, because the Bell company was not, and is not, primarily a manufacturer of products. From the beginning, the partners in the enterprise—whether engaged in invention or manufacture or operations—sold telephone service, not telephone equipment.

For instance, there was the fundamental item of connecting the lines of two subscribers who wanted to talk. This was handled in central offices by a corps of operators, using cords, plugs and jacks. Setting up a call could take as long as seven minutes. In 1884, Ezra T. Gilliland, working for the Bell company, devised a mechanical system that would allow a subscriber to reach up to 15 lines without the help of an operator. In 1891, Almon B. Strowger, a Kansas City undertaker, patented a dial machine constructed in a round collar box. It connected up to 99 lines. But the big city offices already handled thousands of lines, and the numbers were growing rapidly. The connection problem was growing much more rapidly, because of some basic geometry: it takes one line to interconnect two telephones, three lines for three telephones, six lines for four, 28 lines for eight, and 4,851 lines for 99 telephones. In connections, added telephones were just the opposite of "cheaper by the dozen."

The Bell company set out to develop a machine that would connect any of 10,000 telephones—49,995,000 possible connections. The search was costly, but necessary for continued good service, and the various parts of the company joined to pursue it to a successful conclusion. (Today in the United States a telephone can be connected to any of 140 million others. There are 10 quadrillion—10 million billion—possible connections.)

Young men manually connecting phone calls in 1879

There was also the problem of financing the nationwide conversion of central offices to dial. Service improvements on the scale required are enormously expensive—so expensive as to be impossible without the most careful attention to economy. Here again the integrated corporate structure shows its values. Western Electric, because its prime objective is to benefit telephone service, has become a world champion in cost control, and a pacesetter in the improvement of productivity. Data issued by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased by 50% since 1965. That is two and a half times the productivity increase in the United States economy as a whole.

Savings of that sort continue, as a recent example shows. Bell scientists, building on the semiconductor research that helped them invent the transistor, also aided in the development of the light-emitting diode or LED. These solid-state lamps, now familiar as displays in pocket calculators and watches, can replace incandescent lamps in many pieces of telephone

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equipment. They will last the lifetime of the phone, operate with much less electrical power, and help hold down the cost of installation and maintenance. Over the next five years, LEDs should save the Bell System about $120 million. Bell Labs semiconductor research also resulted in the invention of another solid-state light source, the tiny semiconductor laser.

Future uses of these solid-state light sources may be even more important than today's. They will almost certainly be used

For the nation's future communications needs, Bell engineers are today developing systems to transmit telephone calls on lightwaves.

in systems transmitting telephone calls and other communications over lightwaves. Lightwave communications could mean an enormous increase in the capacity of the phone network, making it possible to meet the need for increased call volumes and new communications services economically in the years ahead. And to do it while conserving energy and scarce raw materials.

Innovation, productivity, advance planning—all mean improved service and reasonable costs. And in the telephone industry, cost savings benefit not only shareholders; they are passed along to the public as well.

In the decade 1965-1975, the cost of living rose 74%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones. The quality of the service is the envy of the world.

Numerous studies have been made of the role of the Bell organizational structure in achieving those results. One of the most recent, concluded in 1974, was made by the independent auditing and management consulting firm of Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission. According to their report:

"Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower prices...The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies."

The best telephone service in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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World Progress Report

Ecological Détente

While U.S. military strategists and statesmen arm-wrestle with their Soviet opposite numbers about the details of military détente, cooperation between the two countries in the environmental sciences is making steady progress. The joint effort was launched in 1972 by President Nixon and Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev in a Moscow agreement outlining 11 major areas for collaboration, including the prevention of air-and-water pollution, the prediction of earthquakes, and the study of the biological and genetic effects of pollution. As a result, American and Soviet scientists have already collaborated on studies of pollution in the Gulf of Mexico, tidal-wave phenomena in the Kuril deep-water trench, and the habits of whales and other marine mammals in the eastern Pacific.

This year's cooperative agenda, agreed to during four days of talks late in 1975 between Russell E. Train, head of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, and his Soviet counterpart, Yuri A. Izrael, includes 39 joint environmental projects. One of them will bring the Soviets up to date on American technology for controlling air pollution from smokestacks by the addition of devices called flue-gas scrubbers to two Soviet power plants. Experts from the United States, where this technique is already being used successfully in a growing number of situations, will help design the Russian systems, put them in place, and share in the resulting performance data. In another joint effort, earthquake-prediction experiments under way in California will be coordinated with a similar effort in Tadzhikistan, in central Asia.

Heart Beaters

Hundreds of people die each day in the United States alone because their hearts inexplicably and suddenly lose their sense of rhythm. The heart, instead of its normal steady beat, pumping blood through the body in a constant flow, begins to fibrillate, fluttering weakly and ineffectively in an accelerated, irregular cadence. "Ventricular fibrillation"—the medical name for the phenomenon—is very often fatal in mere seconds, long before the victim can be brought to a hospital where large, expensive "defibrillators" can restore the heart's normal beat.

Recently, however, a team of researchers in Northern Ireland, headed by Dr. J. F. Pandridge, have devised a seven-pound, portable, electric defibrillator for installation in bus and train stations, offices, and even homes. The developers of the $1,200 device have hopes that it can eventually be scaled down to pocket size and a lower price. Meanwhile, 50 of the units, distributed in the United States by IPCO of Valhalla, N.Y., are being tested in several U.S. communities.

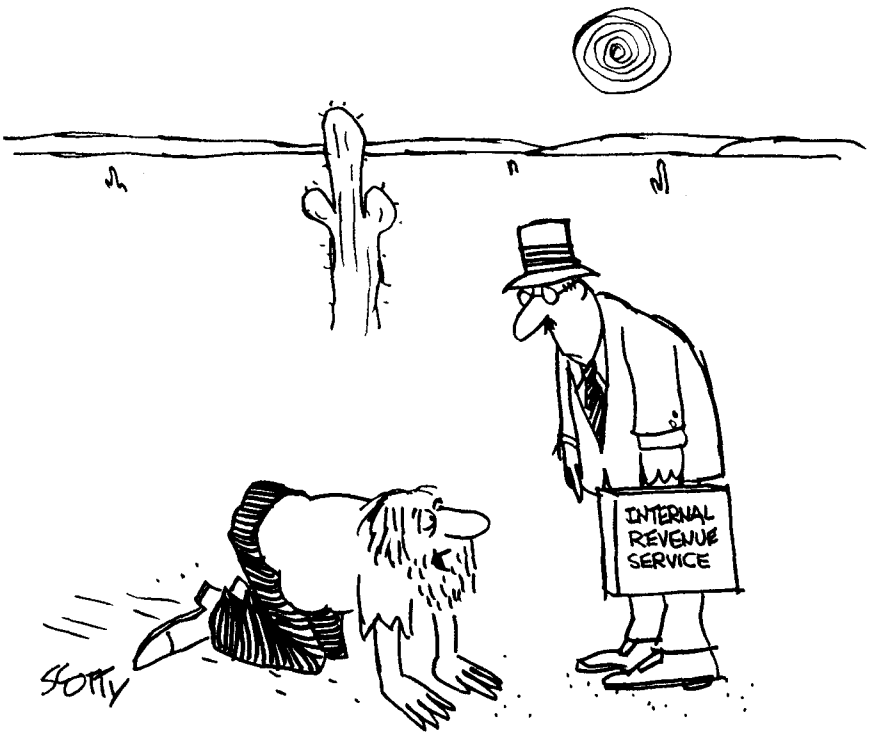
Rx: Sit Back and Relax

Before an attack of abnormal heartbeat actually occurs, suggests a Boston study reported in the British medical journal *The Lancet*, a potential victim can reduce the tendency of his heart to beat irregularly if he follows a regimen of relaxation exercises. The exercise prescription, developed by Harvard University cardiologist Dr. Herbert Benson, is similar to the techniques offered by many of the transcendental-meditation gurus and other practitioners who have recently achieved considerable popularity. Dr. Benson's system, however, does not require long apprenticeship, cash contributions, or other proofs of devotion. The exercise, he says, can be learned in 5 minutes.

For 20 minutes at a time, twice a day, the patient simply sits quietly in a comfortable position, relaxes his muscles, and focuses his thoughts on a simple word, sound, or phrase—"one" is enough—that he repeats to himself with every exhalation of breath.

In earlier tests, subsequently confirmed by others, Dr. Benson reported that this simple exercise can lower blood pressure 10 to 15 percent in high-blood-pressure patients. In the research reported in *The Lancet*, Dr. Benson studied 11 patients who had either already had heart attacks or who suffered from angina pectoris—severe chest pains often associated with stress. In addition, all 11 experienced a high rate of premature ventricular contractions, or PVCs—abnormal heartbeats that often presage a fatal episode. After four weeks of Dr. Benson's relaxation exercise, 8 of the 11 patients showed a significant decrease in the frequency of PVCs, and in two of them the condition was completely or nearly eliminated. The only side effect of the treatment, Dr. Benson reported, was that the patients "felt better—more relaxed and better able to cope with problems."

ANTHONY WOLFF



"I wasn't really worried. I knew you guys would find me."

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Reflections on Kissinger's Latin American Foray

by Sol M. Linowitz

Secretary Henry Kissinger's recent Latin American trip once again focused fleeting attention on the relationship between this country and Latin America. For a number of months Latin Americans had been waiting patiently for the long-promised visit by the American Secretary of State. When it came, its impact was, in a word, underwhelming. For its major features appear to have been a reaffirmation of familiar promises of economic cooperation and the signing of a new consultative agreement with Brazil that caused predictable indignation and concern in a number of other Latin American countries.

When Secretary Kissinger undertook the trip, he was all too aware of the fact that his November 19, 1974, call for a "New Dialogue" with Latin America had left behind a deep and widespread sense of disappointment. For once again words were not translated into action, and the "New Dialogue" remained a slogan without substance. On this trip Kissinger was clearly determined to avoid overblown expectations, and in this he unquestionably succeeded.

One can quarrel with what Kissinger did or did not achieve during the trip, but certainly no one can take issue with his premise that we can no longer take Latin America for granted. The simple fact is that we are in a new ball game with Latin America. No longer can we treat Latin Americans patronizingly. No longer can we threaten to take our bat and ball and go home.

For the world has changed, Latin America has changed, and the United States has changed. Today the hard fact is that we need Latin America just as much as Latin America needs us. And what we need is not only Latin American oil and raw materials but also—as the vote on the U.N. anti-Zionist resolution clearly demonstrated—their cooperation and support in the global arena. This calls for a whole new approach and a drastic change in our perceptions about our relationships in this hemisphere.

The first point to be recognized is simply that interdependence has displaced security, in its narrow sense, as the *raison d'être* for American foreign policy. Today there are a number of other important centers of power in the world besides the superpowers. Transnational forces, including the multinational corporations, have become featured actors on the international scene. The line between domestic and foreign policy has become increasingly blurred, and our interests abroad have become inextricably intertwined with our interests at home.

When we talk of security in this kind of a world, we have to think not only of military and political power but also of oil and copper and bauxite. We have to consider what the urgent prospect of

world famine resulting from the scarcity of food and fertilizer will mean to our own future. We have to ponder the impact that the population problem on this planet will have on us—and the fact that 4 billion people dwell on this earth and by the turn of the century there will be 8 billion or more.

While these dramatic changes have been taking place in our international system—multipolarity, transnationalism, scarcity of raw materials and foodstuffs, population growth—tremendous changes have also been taking place within the various countries and regions of Latin America. Rapid urbanization and mass communications have produced political awareness among people who do not yet participate in the economic growth of their countries. As a result, governments face increasing demands to provide jobs and services. To meet these internal demands, Latin Americans have sought freer access to the markets of the United States and other developed nations for their manufactured and semi-manufactured products and their raw-material exports. They have also sought better access to both capital and technology.

In their search for helpful responses to these needs, Latin Americans have become increasingly active participants in the world community beyond the confines of our hemisphere. So we have begun to hear new voices coming out of Latin America—voices of identity, voices of nationalism, voices of outrage at lingering dependency.

Meanwhile, as we know all too well, we have also been undergoing drastic changes at home. No longer do we dominate world economic and military affairs as we once did. No longer is it appropriate or feasible for the United States to try to be a policeman or tutor everywhere in the world. Moreover, in the face of the challenges we have been confronting—unemployment, racial conflict, the long war in Vietnam, the major crisis of governmental leadership—we have found our coherence as a nation severely strained and tested by an energy crisis, commodity shortages, and worldwide inflation.

Deeply aware of these changes and concerned about their impact, the Commission on U.S.–Latin American Relations—an independent group of 23 private citizens, some having held high government positions*—recently issued a report based on an analysis of hemispheric affairs. In the report that was presented to the President and to the

(Continued on page 54.)

Sol M. Linowitz, former U.S. ambassador to the OAS, is chairman of the Commission on United States–Latin American Relations. He was previously chairman of the Xerox Corporation.

*The members of the commission were: W. Michael Blumenthal, G. A. Costanza, Prof. Harrison Brown, Prof. Albert Fishlow, Prof. Samuel B. Huntington, Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, Theodore M. Messer, Charles A. Meyer, Dr. J. George Harrar, Rita Hauser, Dr. Alexander Heard, Henry J. Heinz II, Andrew Heiskell, Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, Lee Hills, Arturo Morales-Carrion, Peter G. Peterson, Elliot L. Richardson, William D. Rogers, Nathaniel Samuels, Prof. Kalman Silvert, and Dr. Clifton Wharton, Jr. Sol M. Linowitz served as chairman.

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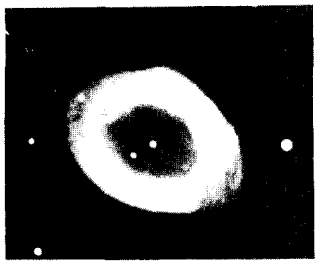

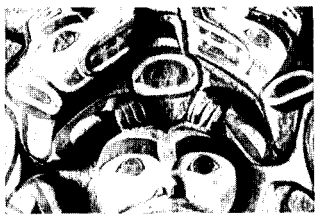

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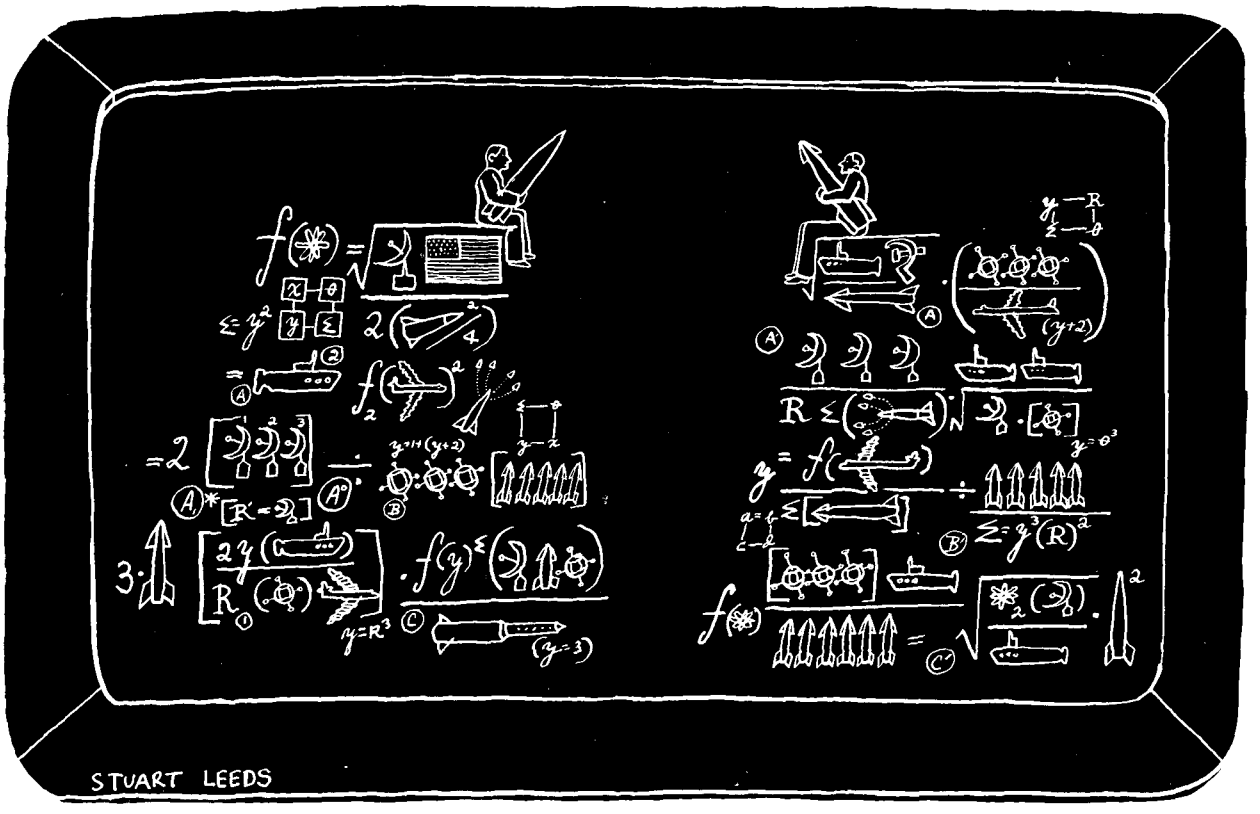
THE NIGHTMARE THAT WON'T GO AWAY

Hardly anyone talks anymore about nuclear stockpiles as the world's No. 1 problem. An entire generation has come of age with only a theoretical idea of the nature of atomic destructive force. The anti-testing clamor of the Sixties now seems far-off and almost unreal. Yet, like it or not, the nuclear threat is still alive, ugly, more menacing than ever. In this special section, Peter J. Ognibene writes about the Pentagon's new obsession with nuclear buildup; Edward L. King warns that the President can on his own get us into an apocalyptic nuclear war; Bill Wickersham wryly recalls his involvement in the Sixties nuclear-ban movement; and Roscoe Drummond makes the case for a bomb-free world.



Nuclear Game Plans at the Pentagon

by Peter J. Ognibene

Since the nuclear age began with its artificial dawn above Hiroshima 30 years ago, mankind has gradually become inured to the existence of thermonuclear weapons. Any politician who would now speak, as President Kennedy once did, about "the nuclear sword of Damocles" poised above our collective head would be dismissed out of hand as an anachronism. The fear of nuclear war, once so great, has steadily receded since Hiroshima and the end of the Cold War.

Paradoxically, while this fear has been diminishing, the United States and the Soviet Union have been increasing their capacity to obliterate one another. If the two superpowers were locked in deadly confrontation, public concern about the likelihood of nuclear war would no doubt be great. But because that prospect has become so remote as to be unthinkable, that fear has remained quiescent.

Mutual deterrence is largely responsible for that quiescence. Instead of engaging in an all-out effort to attain nuclear superiority, over the years the United States and the Soviet Union have sought to narrow the arena of competition through formal agreements as well as informal understandings. In the former category are the 1963 treaty banning all but underground nuclear tests and the 1972 Moscow accords permanently limiting the production of antiballistic missiles and temporarily restricting land- and sea-based ballistic missiles. One cannot state with certainty all the understandings which fall within the latter category, but I would argue that it includes tacit arrangements to forgo such destabilizing weapons as mobile intercontinental ballistic missiles and so-called suitcase bombs. (Some arms-control experts, however, are concerned that unless mobile missiles are formally banned, they could enter U.S. and Soviet arsenals as the next generation of nuclear weapons.)

These formal and tacit agreements have clearly benefited both countries. Billions of dollars and rubles that might otherwise have been wasted on thermo-

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nuclear exotica have, of course, been saved. But what is even more important is that "the reciprocal fear of surprise attack," to use nuclear strategist Thomas Schelling's phrase, has for all practical purposes been eliminated. The more vulnerable, or "soft," nuclear weapons, such as aboveground ICBMs, have been largely replaced by "hard" weapons in underground silos or in submarines at sea. This shift has removed the possibility that either nation might be able to destroy the other's nuclear arsenal in a surprise first strike; thus neither side has an incentive to shoot first. In fact, officials of the Department of Defense have testified that they no longer consider a Soviet "bolt out of the blue" attack plausible, and they have revised their contingency planning accordingly. If a nuclear war were to start, they say, it would most likely result from "miscalculation" rather than from premeditated malevolence.

Deterrence has always been, at root, more a psychological than a military phenomenon. As long as each side has a large and varied nuclear arsenal, asymmetries in individual categories of weapons will remain relatively unimportant. What is important is that each side believes that the other will respond to a nuclear attack of *any* size, that the ultimate consequences of this response may be beyond the control of the attacker, and that even a so-called limited attack could lead ultimately, if not immediately, to unlimited retaliation. Upon that fear rests the prevention of any nuclear strike as well as a large-scale conventional attack, such as a Soviet invasion of Western Europe, which might lead the United States to use nuclear weapons first. Thus the burden of deterrence rests as it always has—and, indeed, always should—with the would-be attacker because it is he, not the defender, who would upset the nuclear balance. It is he, not the defender, who would set in train nuclear exchanges of incalculable devastation.

This concept of "mutual assured destruction" (MAD) has profoundly disturbed many nuclear thinkers. Surely we can devise a better strategy, they argue, to reduce both the risk of unlimited nuclear war and its consequences. Although these same critics have castigated MAD for more than a decade—and how they delight in that acronym—they have yet to put forward an alternative promising greater stability. The reason for this conspicuous failure, I submit, is not any lack of intellectual prowess on their part but the insoluble nature of the problem. Except for a total ban on nuclear arms—a highly desirable goal seemingly well beyond our reach—the best situation possible is a stalemate that neither side wants to upset. An "innovative" nuclear posture that is interpreted, mistakenly or not, to mean that one side is determined to pursue that chimera called "nuclear superiority" could only serve to induce the other to follow suit.

Nonetheless, in spite of this danger, the Pentagon seems to be moving away from the stable structure of mutual deterrence toward a vaguely defined concept known as "essential equivalence." What that term actually means depends, like beauty, upon the eye of the beholder. Until Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger was fired by Ford, he was the government's most vocal proponent of the concept. Essential equivalence, however, predated his arrival at the Pentagon and has acquired sufficient institutional momentum of its own to survive his departure. So his congressional testimony and public remarks should remain reliable guides to official thinking on the subject.

Although Schlesinger first tried to minimize the breadth of the concept—referring to it initially as a "change in targeting doctrine"—he subsequently began to talk about "selective nuclear options" and "limited nuclear wars" as if these were now among the rational alternatives available to the President in less-than-desperate circumstances. Schlesinger envisioned developing essential equivalence to deter the Soviet Union "across the entire spectrum of risk" and thus "raise the nuclear threshold." He suggested that "we are prepared to reduce, stay level, or if need be, increase our level of strategic arms, and that level will be determined by the policies and the decisions of the Soviet Union." Elaborating further on that theme, he argued that "there should be symmetry in the pressures that could be brought to bear by the threat of the employment of nuclear forces." Although he tried to downplay the matter ("I do not mean symmetry in every respect"), he went on to say: "We cannot allow the Soviets unilaterally to obtain a counterforce option which we ourselves lack. We must have a symmetrical balancing of the strategic forces on both sides."

In truth, essential equivalence is really only a variant of escalation theory, an

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Peter J. Ognibene, who has written about military and political affairs for various national magazines, is the author of the recent Scoop: The Life and Politics of Henry M. Jackson, *an unauthorized biography.*

A Glossary of Pentagonese

(1) **B-1:** a vitamin we need; a $100 million bomber we don't.
(2) **Ceiling price:** the maximum amount the military has contracted to pay for a new weapon; the minimum the defense contractor can expect to get before suing the military for additional claims.
(3) **Constant dollars:** mythical units of currency used by the Pentagon to make its annually larger budget seem smaller; what one might have in one's bank account without the inflation caused by excessive military spending.
(4) **Cost escalation:** the difference between what the Pentagon said a weapon would cost last year and what it will cost this year; a euphemism for cost overrun.
(5) **Flexible response:** the multiplicity of paths to nuclear holocaust; the option of destroying your adversary and being destroyed in return one step at a time or all at once.
(6) **Fratricide:** what one exploding MIRV (see below) might do to its brother warheads; what nuclear weapons have made possible for the brotherhood of man.
(7) **Lead time:** the period between the Pentagon's request for a new weapon and its construction; the time it takes to realize that the putative threat which the weapon was built to counteract has failed to materialize.
(8) **MIRV:** multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicle; separate but equal warheads integrated into a single missile but bused to different targets.
(9) **Multiple-aim-point mode:** a shell-and-pea game played when there are more enemy underground silos than missiles; an adult version of "button, button, who's got the button?"
(10) **Retargeting:** a billion-dollar, computerized operation that can switch a missile's target from an empty silo to a vacated bomber base.

P.J.O.

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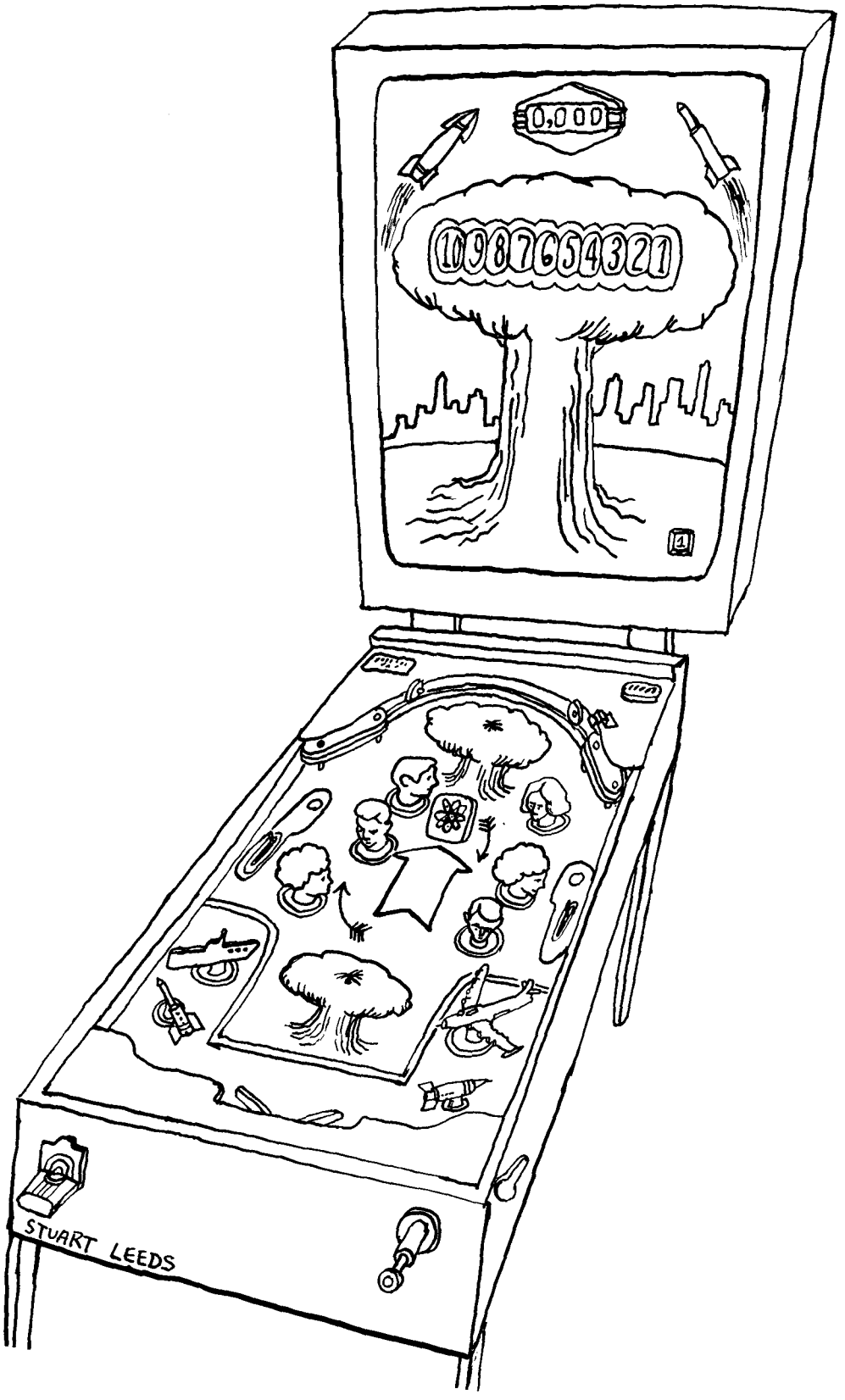
academic metaphor that the Pentagon translated into several million tons of bombs dropped on Southeast Asia. The key tenet of the theory was that winning wars was largely a matter of one's being able to go one step higher on the metaphorical ladder of military intensity than one's adversary; this curious notion now lies buried somewhere amid the wreckage of Indochina.

Like escalation theory, essential equivalence has a certain simplistic appeal, but as a practical alternative, it cannot provide a basis for rational policy. Its crucial flaw is the assumption that some sort of escalation ladder actually exists, ranging from verbal threats at the bottom to all-out nuclear war at the top, and, moreover, that the individual steps on this ladder can be perceived with equal clarity by the leaders of both the United States and the Soviet Union. If our ladder is missing a rung, the theory implies, then the Soviet Union will be able to exploit that hypothetical gap in our nuclear options. (How the Soviets could do that short of war has never been satisfactorily explained by the theory's proponents.)



Reporters and members of Congress have tried to pin down Schlesinger and other defense officials on the sort of Soviet options they fear, but they have ducked such questions. Sometimes they throw out a non sequitur, such as the importance of giving the President retaliatory choices other than "massive strikes against the Soviet urban industrial base." But with the President's options already ranging from "a nuclear shot across the bow" to several thousand warheads, he already has all the choices he needs. Thus these new "counterforce options" would seem to have no substantive purpose.

Yet essential equivalence is more than just unnecessary; it is dangerous. Its most immediate and worrisome effect would be to pass the burden of deterrence from the attacker to the defender. If the United States were to match every Soviet counterforce option, we would be saying, in effect, that a limited attack would be met by a limited response rather than by a retaliatory strike of *uncertain*, possibly massive, proportions. If Soviet planners felt confident that they could calculate in advance the probable consequences of a small-scale nuclear attack on the United States or Western Europe, their fear that such a strike would lead to incalculable destruction would lessen, thus weakening deterrence.

"In the first example of a selective counterforce strike by the Soviet Union," Schlesinger told the Senate Subcommittee on Arms Control, "in which they attack SSBN [nuclear-powered ballistic-missile submarine] bases and SAC [Strategic Air Command] bases, as well as ICBM silos, the mortalities could be as high, say, as 5 or 6 million." Although such a calamity would rank with Hitler's slaughter of European Jewry, Schlesinger, in the denatured language of the Pentagon, characterized it as a "selective" attack. Such a characterization

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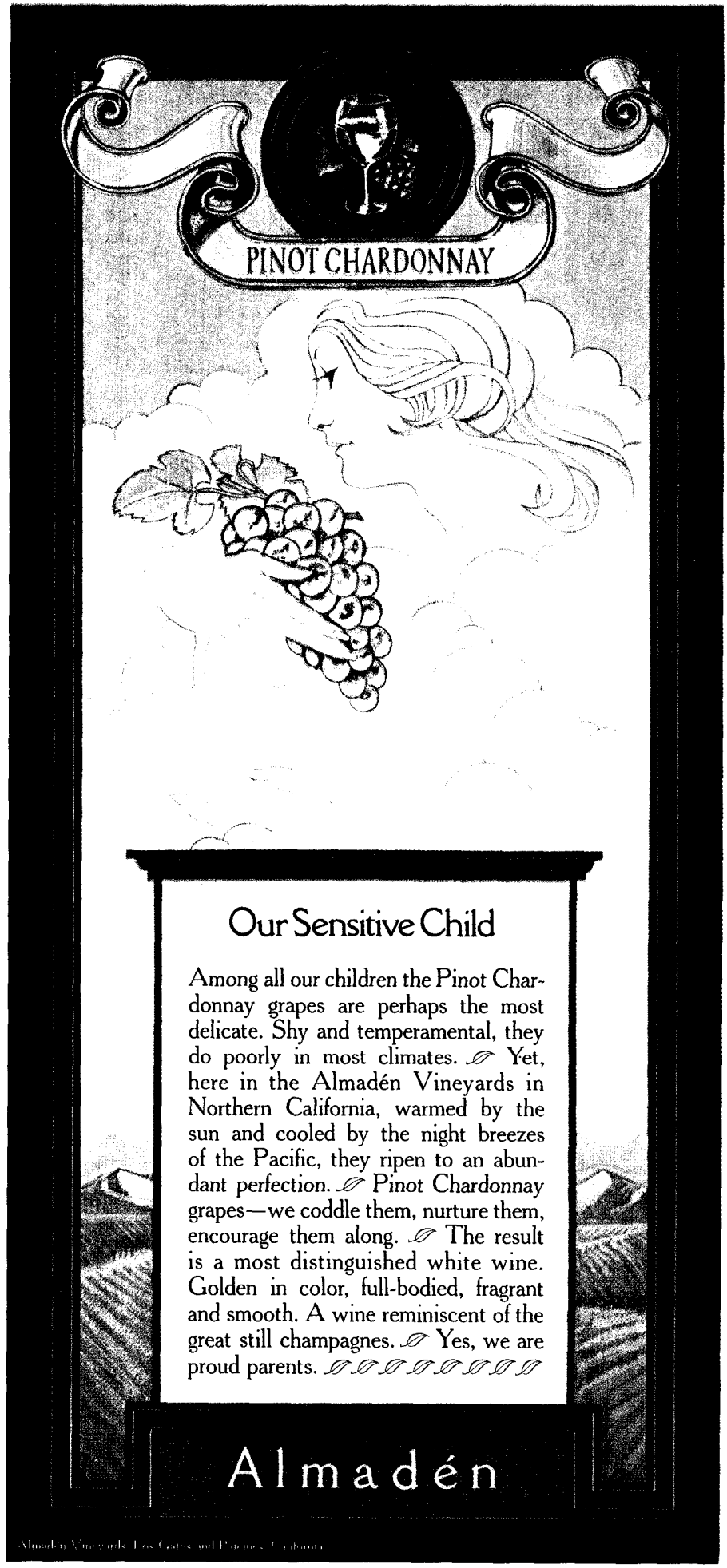
could lead the Soviet Union to conclude, rightly or not, that the American response to such an attack would be similarly "selective."

It was this sort of reasoning that led Sen. Edmund Muskie, then chairman of the subcommittee, to observe: "What concerns me is that in building these limited responses we cloak the possibility of massive exchanges. . . . If we add evidence to our doubts upon our willingness to go the full route, it seems to me that we add assurance to the other side's belief that we will be self-deterred. Therefore, you encourage the development of limited warfare as an acceptable kind of conventional military involvement. And when you escalate the possibilities to that level, it seems to me you escalate the possibility of ultimate nuclear war."

THE GROWING CONTROVERSY over essential equivalence and its possible repercussions apparently led the Defense Department to make public its once-secret estimates of the number of casualties that the United States might suffer in the wake of a "selective counterforce strike." Although the Pentagon's purpose was to lend some rationality to the debate by introducing hard data, those calculations, like the concept of essential equivalence itself, also proved to be an abstraction. In fact, when the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency tried to calculate the consequences of a Soviet attack on the 1,000 Minuteman ICBM silos situated on the Great Plains, it concluded that "urban casualties could range from 145,000 to 50 million" (13 million dead in the extreme case). The Pentagon immediately took issue with the agency's computations and came back with a new upper limit of 6.9 million urban deaths. When rural dwellers subject to fallout were included, however, total fatalities (urban and rural) came to 14.9 million.

These divergencies troubled the Arms Control Subcommittee so much that it asked the Office of Technology Assessment to review and analyze the Defense Department's assumptions and calculations regarding the "collateral damage" that would attend a "selective" Soviet attack on American missile silos. After several months of bureaucratic pulling and hauling, the Pentagon finally made an upward revision of its maximum figure and concluded that as many as 21.7 million Americans might die in such an attack. Also, for the first time, the effect of atomic fallout north of the border


PINOT CHARDONNAY
Our Sensitive Child
Among all our children the Pinot Chardonnay grapes are perhaps the most delicate. Shy and temperamental, they do poorly in most climates. Yet, here in the Almadén Vineyards in Northern California, warmed by the sun and cooled by the night breezes of the Pacific, they ripen to an abundant perfection. Pinot Chardonnay grapes—we coddle them, nurture them, encourage them along. The result is a most distinguished white wine. Golden in color, full-bodied, fragrant and smooth. A wine reminiscent of the great still champagnes. Yes, we are proud parents.
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was considered. The result? Nearly 800,000 dead Canadians.

Such an attack on the United States and a similar riposte against the Soviet Union would damage much more than the two superpowers and their immediate neighbors; the effects would be worldwide. In October the National Academy of Sciences published a study that attempted to calculate what some of those effects might be. It based its estimates on total detonations of approximately 10,000 megatons, a figure, coincidentally, within the range (at the upper end) of the hypothetical "limited" nuclear-war scenarios discussed by the Pentagon.

The NAS panel estimated that about 50 percent of the earth's ozone layer could be destroyed in the course of a three-year period following such a war. The resulting increase in radiation reaching the earth could lead to "an increase in skin-cancer incidence of about 10 percent" and "an added incidence of genetic disease of about 100 to 1,000 per million liveborn." Although these effects would diminish over time, birth defects would still be occurring some 30 generations later as a result of the radiation that the first generation received.

The report does not specifically "address the social, political, or economic consequences to the rest of the highly interdependent world civilization," but it does allude to some of them. The United States and Canada, for instance, produce "about two-thirds of the grain and much of the other food that is available for shipment in international commerce." Because worldwide grain reserves have dwindled to about a month's supply, even if the immediate effects of a nuclear war in the Northern Hemisphere were tolerable to nations south of the equator, the loss of the world's two largest grain exporters or their temporary incapacitation could lead to starvation on a massive scale throughout the world.

The term *selective*, as the Pentagon employs it, presumably connotes *limited*, *calculable*, or *determinate*; but a nuclear attack of *any* size would be none of these. The number of people who survived would depend on such factors as the amount of warning they received. (How effective would 15 minutes warning be at 3:00 A.M.?) It would also depend upon fallout protection as well as upon imponderabilia, such as wind and weather. Nor can it be predicted how an American President would react in such a situation. The Defense Department would have us believe that he would coolly choose one of the Pentagon's contingency plans and not be moved by an overwhelming personal urge for vengeance. Unfortunately, mankind has always found it easier to start wars than to end them; so, as a matter of prudence, one dare not put too much faith in official wishfulness that a nuclear war, once begun, can be kept "selective." Deterrence and the creation of a more efficient nuclear fighting-machine to achieve essential equivalence are not complementary objectives.

The Pentagon, however, takes a much different view. "The notion that a nuclear firebreak, if ever breached, must inevi-

Dead Center at SALT II

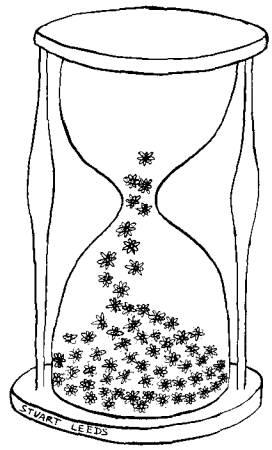
The outcome of the second phase of strategic arms limitation talks will clearly affect the climate in which the two superpowers must act. An agreement perceived favorably by both sides could lessen U. S.-Soviet tensions and lead to further arms cuts and a less aggressive nuclear posture. Any agreement that is perceived unfavorably by either nation is likely to have the reverse effect.

Indeed, the transmogrification of "essential equivalence" from an innocuous phrase into a mindless matching of Soviet capabilities, real or imaginary, grew largely out of the Pentagon's belief that the United States had been "had" by the SALT I agreements. So, while the achievement of a SALT II accord imposing further limits on strategic weapons would be a welcome event, it could also become the prelude to a more threatening nuclear posture if either nation subsequently comes to believe that the agreement unfairly favors its opponent.

In November 1974, at Vladivostok, President Ford and First Secretary Brezhnev agreed to limit each nation to 2,400 intercontinental bombers and ballistic missiles, of which no more than 1,320 of the latter could be armed with multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles, or MIRVs. So far, however, U. S. and Soviet negotiators have failed to agree on the specifics to be included under this ceiling. The two principal obstacles are the Soviet Backfire bomber and American cruise missiles.

Although the Backfire was apparently designed for operations over the Eurasian land mass, the plane could pose a threat to the United States if it were launched from arctic bases and refueled in flight. The United States naturally wants it counted as a strategic bomber under the Vladivostok ceiling; the Soviet Union, of course, does not.

The United States had jet-powered cruise missiles until the Sixties, but with the advent of rocket-powered ballistic missiles they were considered obsolete, and were deactivated. Improvements in such fields as propulsion, miniaturization, and guidance have, however, made cruise missiles technologically feasible again, and the Pentagon is simultaneously developing air- and sea-launched versions. Because these missiles could be fired from present bombers or through standard



submarine torpedo tubes, many conventional carriers could be quickly converted to nuclear launchers. The reconnaissance satellites, upon which both sides now depend to verify that the SALT I accords are being observed, would be unable to detect such conversions. How, then, could an agreement limiting cruise missiles be verified unless they were banned?

American and Soviet negotiators have so far been unable to find a formula to resolve these issues, but even if they can ultimately agree on the numbers, they may be unable to control subsequent perceptions of a SALT II agreement. To succeed in the long term, any new accord not only will have to be fair but also will have to appear fair to skeptics on both sides.

P.J.O.

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Gene Kelly's Guide to France.

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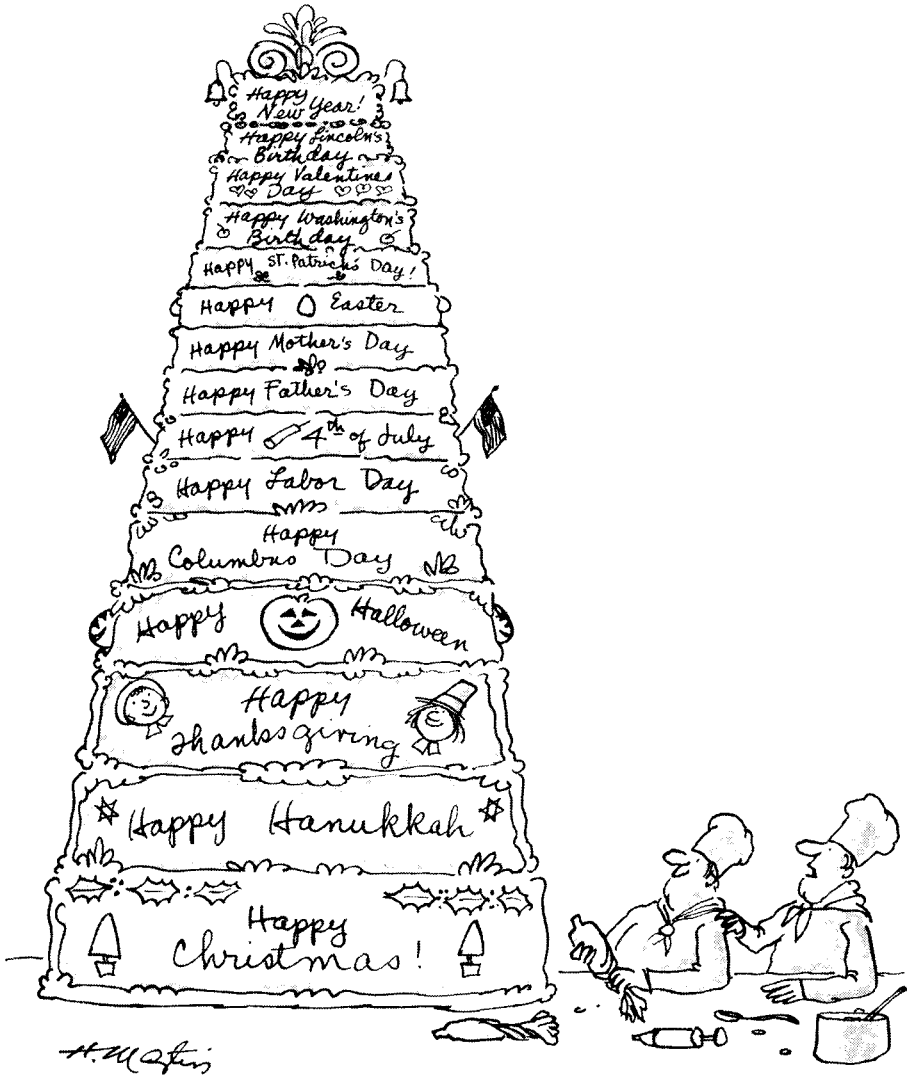
tably lead to escalation to the top has been supported in neither American military planning nor doctrine nor policy statements," Schlesinger asserted. He then chose "the case of Vietnam" to prove "that conscious policy choice indeed has on occasion controlled escalation, perhaps wisely, perhaps unwisely, but it has controlled that escalation, and it certainly indicates that it can do so in the future; the possibility cannot be dismissed."

Maybe "the possibility cannot be dismissed," but it would be ridiculous to base America's nuclear posture on so thin a hope. As for the example cited by the former Defense Secretary, one could hardly find a more striking case for discrediting escalation theory. Escalation in Vietnam may have been "controlled" in the narrow sense that the United States chose the weapons and targets, but the consequences of that policy were neither predictable nor controllable. "Turning the screw" on the North Vietnamese did not force them to sue for peace: it only served to toughen them. Rather than demolishing their logistical system, the bombing merely caused them to adopt more labor-intensive means of moving supplies from north to south; an inconvenience to be sure, but never an insurmountable one. The worst miscalculation of all, however, was the unanticipated worldwide revulsion from the massive bombing of what some hawks liked to call "a fourth-rate peasant state." The enthusiasts of escalation theory viewed the war in mechanistic, rather than human, terms, and in their blindness undermined the moral and political standing the American government once enjoyed at home and abroad.

One other facet of essential equivalence deserves special scrutiny: its increased emphasis on civil-defense preparations. The annual defense report submitted to Congress, for instance, proposed that we "improve our ability to protect the population in place against fallout and . . . develop in an orderly way two major options for the relocation of the population in a crisis." The first of these options would "involve the relocation of the population from high-risk areas near key military installations and the protection of the population against fallout" in response to "the threat of a Soviet counterforce attack." The second, more comprehensive, option would "involve the evacuation of the population from cities, as well as from near key military installations" in the event of "an all-out Soviet nuclear attack."

Preparations such as these are absolutely necessary if the United States is to convince the Soviet Union that essential equivalence is real rather than rhetorical. But if such plans were actually put into effect and state and local agencies began issuing evacuation cards and assigning families to neighborhood fallout shelters, the event would probably spark a reaction several orders of magnitude greater than the outrage President Johnson ignited when his administration announced plans to ring major American cities with nuclear-tipped antiballistic missiles. Fallout shelters and the prospect of ABMs in the suburbs did more to fire fears of a nuclear war in the Sixties than any threat the Kremlin made. So, if the Pentagon pushes too hard for new fallout shelters and mass-evacuation plans, it might well touch off the great nuclear scare of the Seventies.

Since World War II the avowed purpose of every Presidential administration has been to prevent nuclear war, and America's nuclear posture has been unambiguous in this regard. But although deterrence remains the Pentagon's purported objective, its new escalation theory, if fully put into practice, would emphasize limited nuclear wars and could convince the Soviet Union that we believe the consequences of such wars would be controllable and, given adequate civil defense, perhaps acceptable. In this scheme of things, a Soviet attack of several thousand nuclear warheads aimed at American missile silos would be considered a "selective counterforce strike" regardless of the fact that it could leave tens of millions of Americans dead. If the leaders of the Soviet Union ever start thinking that way, we will really have something to fear. □



"It's a masterpiece, Marvin, but what'll you do for an encore?"

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The Tripwire Scenario

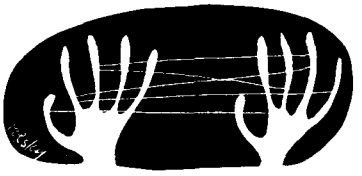
by Edward L. King

Can a President get us into war without consulting Congress or the people? The answer is, yes, he can—through his control over the disposition of American forces abroad. By deploying American troops in provocative "forward" positions, the President can invite the tripwire sequence—a ground-war response to a misstep by friendly forces or an unfriendly intrusion, followed quickly by a tactical and strategic nuclear-weapons escalation, ordered at the President's discretion.

But is all this constitutional? Not entirely: no less a constitutional authority than Sen. Sam Ervin has said, "The Congress has the power and the responsibility to govern the international deployment of American forces under the provision of Section 8 of Article I of the Constitution." This section confers upon Congress the power "to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

It is Senator Ervin's understanding that the President's authority as commander in chief encompasses only "the power to direct the operation of the armed forces in an offensive war declared by Congress." And the NATO treaty specifies in Article 11 that the provisions of that treaty shall be carried out by the member states "in accordance with their respective constitutional processes." The proper functioning of the U.S. constitutional process would certainly include a declaration of war by Congress. But how could this process correctly function if tripwire-deployed American troops were immediately involved in combat that could quickly escalate to tactical nuclear warfare? Is this not a de facto declaration of war by the troops which the executive branch has deployed and positioned?

Furthermore, what control would the American people have over the course of such an undeclared war? In the event of a sudden attack, without an extensive period of warning and time for mobilization prior to the outbreak of conventional hostilities in central Europe, NATO forces (including five U.S. divisions) would face this prospect: superior Warsaw Pact ground and air forces would rapidly overwhelm or pocket them in their present obsolete positions. To prevent this—and to save the more than 190,000 U.S. troops and thousands of their wives and children who are also living in the potential forward battle areas in West Germany—U.S. units would have to make first use of Atomic Demolition Mines (ADMs) and tactical nuclear shells and missiles. On the advice of the Supreme Allied Commander Europe (SACEUR), a decision to make such first use of tactical nuclear weapons could be made by the President—and it could be made even before a declaration of war by Congress. Under existing laws, only the advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Secretary of Defense would be required before *the President alone* could then also make a decision to resort to U.S. strategic nuclear weapons—and



this decision could be made without Congress having declared a state of war or having any control over the decision.

And beyond the constitutional question of congressional consent over the U.S. first use of nuclear weapons, there remains the question of control over the actual firing of the weapons. Once armed nuclear warheads have been released to the control of forward-positioned troop commanders (some warheads are currently stored near forward units), control over firing in effect passes to these field military personnel. To cite an analogy: it was impossible for the National Guard commanders on the scene at Kent State to prevent their troops, armed with preloaded rifles, from firing indiscriminately on students who individual guardsmen later claimed presented a danger to their lives. Similarly, it would be impossible for the President and senior military officials in the United States to prevent SACEUR or a forward-based artillery commander in the field in Europe from firing his allocated nuclear shells to protect his unit from being overrun and destroyed.

At present Congress and the American people have no direct say in the final decision by a President—even an appointed one—to make first use of tactical nuclear weapons. Despite this fact, 7,000 tactical nuclear weapons remain in Europe and approximately 600 more in South Korea. Permission for early first use of these weapons could be quickly demanded by the tripwire-positioned U.S. ground forces dangerously deployed too far forward in those overseas areas.

The existing situation in regard to control of U.S. nuclear weapons is therefore fraught with peril. First, there is the danger that an American President may be forced by a lack of alternatives into the calamitous decision of granting permission for military early first use of tactical nuclear weapons in an attempt to save the thousands of U.S. troops deployed in central Europe and South Korea in obsolete positions. Second, there is the danger that a Presidential nuclear response would be made without the consent of Congress and in the absence of a declaration of war. And, third, there is the danger that Presidential nuclear command and control could be bypassed if a U.S. or allied field commander or pilot decided on his own to fire a nuclear weapon under his battlefield control.

From the American point of view, the presence of tripwire-positioned U.S. troops along West Germany's central and southern border, backed up with thousands of U.S. tactical nuclear weapons, is seen more as a theoretical "conventional flexible defense" force than what it actually is, a hair trigger for tactical nuclear war and an escalation to strategic nuclear exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union. Although such a concept may suit the tidy theoretical objectives of U.S. and NATO military planners, it raises some grave questions for America and Europe.

Congress and the American people should soon come to grips with the dangerous consequences inherent in a situation that permits overseas military troops to initially involve the United States in a war. Should a President acting alone, without the consent of Congress or the people, be allowed to order the use of nuclear weapons, thus causing the deaths of many millions of Americans? □

Edward L. King, a former staff officer in the Joint Chiefs of Staff and author of The Death of the Army, *writes frequently on military affairs.*

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A Plea for Nuclear Disarmament

In an exclusive interview, arms-control expert William C. Foster urges an immediate ban on all testing—everywhere.

by Roscoe Drummond

The greatest boon that could come to the United States and the Soviet Union is an arms agreement that would radically reduce the vast and dangerous storehouse of nuclear weapons. It isn't happening.

For several years now there have been honest, earnest negotiations between Soviet and American officials, but nothing has yet been done to dissolve the peril and cost of the escalating arms race.

There is only an appearance of progress. This derives from the fact that both sides concede to the other a certain number of nuclear weapons, the intention of which is to effect a more even balance between the two superpowers. But there's a catch: every agreement has thus far permitted more nuclear weaponry, not less.

SALT began as a disarmament negotiation; it has resulted in an armaments-expansion negotiation. The need is to turn the negotiations around, thus focusing them on the decrease of our mounting inventories of nuclear weapons, not on their continued and mutually agreed-upon increase. And it can be done.

Few men have the credentials to comment on matters of arms control and disarmament equal to those of William C. Foster. After service as an army aviator in World War I, he became the purchasing division chief for the air force in World War II. Occupying the highest administrative positions in the Marshall Plan, he saw the reconstruction prob-

Roscoe Drummond is a Washington columnist for the Los Angeles Times Syndicate.

One Man's Nucleomitaphobia

by Bill Wickersham

In 1962 I developed a mental disorder that a psychologist friend of mine diagnosed as nucleomitaphobia. Nucleomitaphobia (NMP) in ordinary language means "the irrational fear of death by nuclear weapons." When I contracted NMP, I was on the faculty of a major Midwestern university. At that time, a handful of the faculty belonged to a local group called the Committee for Informed Opinion on Nuclear Arms.

One of my friends who was a member took me to a lecture given by a scientist representing a local Committee for Nuclear Information. In his speech, the scientist said that the U.S. Air Force had set up, throughout the state in which I taught, a network of 150 Minuteman intercontinental ballistic missiles loaded with hydrogen bombs. This meant that the Russians were probably aiming their missiles right at, or close to, my university, which was only about 25 miles away from the nearest Minuteman silo.

When I first began to worry about the H-bombs, it occurred to me that others in the immediate area might also be concerned if I told them what I had learned. I began to talk to various people. The following are examples of the reactions to the H-bomb situation, and to the related issues of war and peace, which I encountered over an eight-year period until I left the university in 1970:

- Most students were interested in more relevant topics. One senior said he had grown up with the bomb and couldn't imagine life without it.
- A clergyman told me not to be so preoccupied with death. He encouraged me to "get right with God" so that my problem would go away.
- One religious fundamentalist reminded me that the Bible said that the Lord would destroy the earth by fire. He wanted to know why I was trying to get in the Lord's way.
- One intellectual "nuclear-deterrence theorist," a political scientist, stated that the nuclear balance of terror was the only thing that had prevented World War III. He maintained that the threat system could probably be operated forever without serious nuclear mistakes or accidental war.
- One sociologist preferred not to do peace research, or research regarding the bomb, until he had researched various other problems involving our poor interpersonal and intergroup relations.
- A professor of business management said that missiles were good for the economy—especially for the area surrounding the nearby air-force base.
- A dean of engineering recommended more fallout shelters.
- An assistant professor of agricultural engineering said that he was preparing a booklet for the 4-H Club and other youth groups in the state. The booklet would be titled "How to Have Fun in a Fallout Shelter During World War III."
- An astronomer concluded that the earth was not one of the more important planets anyway.
- An electrical engineer praised the "spin-off" values of missile research.
- A social-work professor who was opposed to the deployment of missiles in the state said that he was being paid well to teach a social-research course to the Minuteman launch officers. He said that his homework assignments for the officers kept their minds busy for the 12-hour periods when they sat in the underground launch capsules and waited for missile alerts or launch orders.
- A professor of education said that "peace" education and education for nuclear disarmament weren't "his bag" because such topics couldn't be legitimately covered under the Seven Cardinal Principles of Education.
- A home-economics professor said she was too busy with child-development classes to worry about the little devils being sizzled in some kind of nuclear war.
- A custodian quoted a national weapons association as saying, "When hydrogen bombs are outlawed, only outlaws will have hydrogen bombs."

Bill Wickersham is visiting associate professor of community development at Southern Illinois University.

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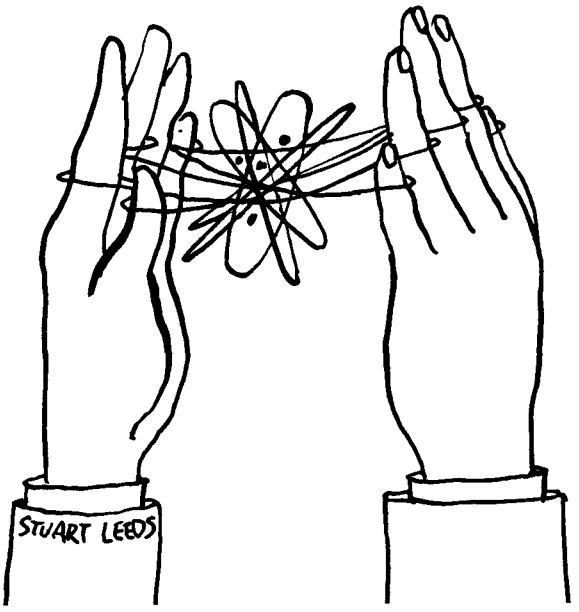
lems that modern war can leave behind. In the top echelons of the Pentagon, he gained a vivid knowledge of the "new" machines of war.

Because of this dual experience, President Eisenhower asked Foster to serve on the commission that studied the potential carnage of a nuclear war. The commission's report was deemed too frightening to be published. President Kennedy concluded that Foster, who knew so much about the dangers, would be just the man to head the new Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. President Johnson subsequently gave the agency the highest possible priority.



For eight years Foster negotiated continuously with Russia and other powers in painstaking efforts to get the genie back in the bottle. The non-proliferation treaty and the ban on atmospheric testing were milestones. Today he serves as chairman of the Arms Control Association and is one of the best independent authorities on arms-control questions.

Foster deserves to be heard and, I believe, to be heeded. The following proposals reflect his experience, his views, and his urgent plea that now is the time to achieve real nuclear disarmament:

- That a wholly new approach to the negotiations is needed.
- That the only realistic way to de-

- My friends in various peace and world-order organizations, including the original "Ban the Bomb" people, concluded that they could no longer win new members by talking about H-bombs. They all suggested ecology as a more salable topic.
- A local banker told me to "love it [the bomb] or leave it."
- A professor of law scoffed at the idea of world law and the international control of nuclear materials. He said such woolly-headed one-worldism was absurd.
- An English professor suggested that I was over-identifying with Yossarian and his *Catch 22* trials and tribulations.
- A member of the Daughters of the American Revolution told me I didn't believe in America. She also said she agreed with the late Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia when he said: "If we have to start over again with another Adam and Eve, then I want them to be American and not Russian, and I want them on this continent and not in Europe."
- A houseperson (in this case a wife and a woman) accused me of being a prophet of doom. She recalled that similar prophets had made such doomsday predictions with the invention of the slingshot, the crossbow, and the Springfield rifle.
- A young air-force launch officer told me he was "scared as hell." He said that he and three other young officers could unofficially launch 50 missiles without orders from *anyone*, and he figured that his Russian counterparts could probably do the same.
- The campus chancellor and the university president both cited the educational philosophy of Edward Teller (the father of the H-bomb), who admonished academics not to politicize the university.
- A university vice-president told me he didn't worry about the problem anymore. He said that he and his assistant had already agreed that "when the Big Show starts, we're going to get our jug of martinis, go to the top of that bell tower there, and watch the fireworks."
- A professor of counseling psychology reminded me that it was next to impossible to make a direct attack on the problems of war, peace, and nuclear weaponry. According to him, the first order of business for me was to vent my own hostilities and begin the search for a clearer sense of identity and self-actualization. He suggested either handball or jogging for starters.

I TOOK the psychologist's advice and began jogging. I got so good at it that I was soon running long distances, including the marathon. Slowly my NMP began to subside. The fact is that I have been so tired in the past few years that I haven't been able to think about hydrogen bombs, or anything else of any significance.

My life was happy, and my NMP was almost conquered, until a few days ago, when a series of three things occurred. I accidentally heard that the U.S. government had begun the SALT talks with 4,000 nuclear warheads, had ended the first round of talks with 7,000 warheads, and was now going to limit its arsenal to some 10,000.

Next I saw a magazine article by Phil Stanford which said that the Pentagon has plans to use abandoned mines and caves in the countryside adjacent to my old university as fallout shelters for thousands of people. Then to top it off, I saw a *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* cartoon by Englehardt depicting a Russian and an American each standing on his own gigantic H-bomb praising the Apollo-Soyuz mission for its cooperative and technical merits.

That was too much! A severe NMP attack hit me and I went into a catatonic trance. My wife and a friend rushed me to my shrink. After a day of intensive discussion and a heavy dose of unconditional positive regard, my psychologist resorted to heavy therapy. He gave me a detailed explanation of the psychological mechanism known as defensive avoidance. He said the only cure left for me was to quit reading the *Post-Dispatch* and begin to imitate the ostrich. I finally convinced him that I should be able to read the *Post-Dispatch* if my wife would simply clip all items pertaining to nuclear weapons, prior to my reading it. However, I did agree to mimic the big bird.

The only problem with the ostrich technique is that it is turning a mental problem into a physical one. I wear contact lenses and the sand that gets trapped in my eyes is sure rough on the corneas. □

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How the Nightmare Began

Most scientific experts [up through 1949] had estimated that four to five years would be required for the Soviets to make a bomb, and, indeed, the time interval from the first U.S. test to the first Soviet test was four years and six weeks. Even so, nearly everyone, including most governmental officials and most members of Congress, reacted to the [Soviet test] as if it were a great surprise. Most of them had either forgotten or had never known the experts' original estimates, and in any event the accomplishment simply did not fit the almost universal view of the U.S.S.R. as a technologically backward nation in which whatever creative spark existed was stifled by an oppressive state. Moreover, even in the minds of many of the expert estimators, the five-year period tended to move forward as time went on, and so even after four years had passed, they were thinking of the first Soviet bomb as still being several years off. And on top of being a great surprise, it was a singularly unpleasant one; it marked the end of a period in which the United States had enjoyed a monopoly on the most powerful weapon of all time, a monopoly which was seen by many as compensating for the difference between the hordes of conscripts available to the Communist bloc and the relatively smaller armies available to the Western countries then still in the process of trying to revive something in the style of their pleasant pre-war way of life.

From *The Advisors: Oppenheimer, Teller, and the Superbomb* by Herbert F. York (W. H. Freeman and Company, 1976)

crease the spiraling of nuclear hardware is to control the technology which keeps inventing new weapons systems.

• That the only way to control technology is for the United States and the Soviet Union to end all nuclear-weapons testing by mutual agreement—underground and aboveground, under the oceans, and in outer space.

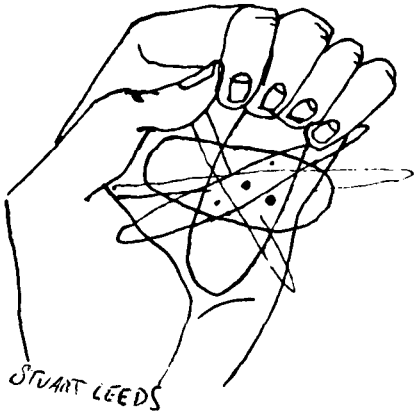
I ASKED Foster why it seems so difficult for the United States and the Soviet Union to come to a meaningful arms agreement. His answer provides the premise for his appeal to abandon all weapons testing.

"The largest part of the difficulty," he said, "is that both sides insist on talking about the wrong things. This is because the answers to the crucial questions of arms control and disarmament are not to be found in the numbers of missiles on each side, or in the popularly used measure of 'throw weight.' For the arms race is not really in hardware but in technology. Indeed, we confront history's most horrible example of man's inventiveness outrunning his wisdom.

"Several times during the past 25 years that I have been an observer, often personally and deeply involved in arms matters, I have seen moments when the United States and Russia stood on plateaus of what appeared to be acceptable, or almost acceptable, equality. Each side had more than sufficient nuclear power to blow each other literally off the globe. At each of these moments both sides indicated a keen interest in some sort of limitation.

"I know, absolutely, of the sincerity on the American side, and I felt this was equally true of the Russian side from several quite candid and revealing private meetings I had with Soviet negotiators. Certainly they should feel that way because the allocation of human and material resources to arms has been much more costly to the Russian people than to the Americans.

"Once I roughly computed that for



every dollar that the United States takes out of its productive economy for arms, the Russians must take out an equivalent of $20 to $25. The reason for this is that the Russians do not have the number of scientists and the quantities of research facilities that are available in the United States; therefore other needs suffer. This, I think, accounts for their shortages of consumer goods and even food. They simply cannot have guns and butter."

The hard question I put to Foster was, Why, if the rational case for nuclear disarmament is so strong, shouldn't both sides be doing more to bring it about?

As Foster views it, the arms race has acquired a life of its own and will defy control unless something very fundamental is done. It forces its own acceleration, as we have all witnessed since the atomic bomb. Next came the hydrogen bombs, with their increasing destructiveness; then the amazing improvement in the range and accuracy of the delivery systems, hitting targets 5,000 miles distant with great precision. Today we have submarine missiles, silo or "hard site" launching areas, missiles to defeat radar, and missiles that intercept missiles. MIRVs and air-launched cruise missiles can drop bombs along the way to distant, different targets. Each step in technology begets new arms technology, and each side rushes to production with new weapons systems not covered by previous arms-control limits. The race goes on and on.

Foster sees no end to this process, and that is the reason he urges a wholly new approach: don't begin with weapons; begin with the technology; control technology and the weapons race will grind to a halt. He put it this way:

"In my view, the supreme need is to get some sort of control over new arms inventions. I realize that these words arouse resistance. Americans have always exulted in inventions, and tend almost to deify the science and technology that produce them.

"Yet for the past dozen years we have been somewhat limiting new arms development through the treaty banning nuclear testing in the atmosphere. That, in part, resulted from the report of the commission appointed by President Eisenhower on which I served. We looked far down the road, consulted the most knowledgeable sources, and concluded that at least 200 million people were then under nuclear threat. The dangers of radiation fallout were so horrible that President Eisenhower deemed it best not to release the full findings. But it was enough to spur more arms-control activity and to lead to the creation of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency."

(Continued on page 59.)

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The Magical Madness of Flann O'Brien

by Anthony Burgess

When a major author's reputation is settled, his readership secure, his works comfortably in print, then a critic may legitimately set about the task of diminishing him. Flann O'Brien is unquestionably a major author, but he awaits still, after the publication of his first major work, in 1939, a following devoted enough to make him a profitable commodity to the commercial publisher. His works appear, then disappear. An author does not exist unless his books are available for the buying. It must be the purpose, then, of at least this critic to propagandize rather than objectively assess. Let more readers discover Flann O'Brien; let his fire keep in; then the time for spitting on it will come.

Brian O'Nolan (the name to which Flann O'Brien was born) died in Dublin in 1966 at the early enough age of 55. I met him briefly in the Bailey—the only pub in Joyce's *Ulysses* to appear under a pseudonym, that of "the Burton Restaurant"—and was aware of immense wit, erudition, playful fun, humility, and bibulosity. He was a drinking man, like most Dubliners, and the drink did him little good at the end. He was best known as a journalist, a brilliantly funny columnist in the *Irish Times* who worked under the name of Myles na Gopaleen, meaning Myles of the Little Horse. He was essentially a pseudonymous man, one so aware of the layers of personality that make up the Peer Gynt onion of identity that he could never see himself as a single unified writer. He was several writers, and really the two pseudonyms could justly have been multiplied into many.

He was, and this enriched the multiplicity further, a bilingual man, equally at home in English and Erse, and one of his occasional Myles na Gopaleen jokes was to present a piece of English in Irish spelling. Irish spelling is so impossible—too many phonemes chasing too few letters—that the unraveling of the joke is hard work for the non-Irish reader, but Flann O'Brien's fun is often at its best, and most Irish, when it is most involuted. Involuted fun is not popular; it is too medieval. We are a brutal and sentimental lot, most of us, and we like our fun, like our sex and our drink, in hard unequivocal kicks. But Flann O'Brien had too many voices to be unequivocal. His work, like that of Joyce, is so layered as to be almost Dante-esque: woe betide the reader who looks for no more than one meaning. On the other hand, he can indulge in a beguiling simplicity and ask us to see simple fun in plain statements that are not meant to be funny at all. Like this, *plain* being the operative word:

Flann O'Brien—"A new Holy Writ."

> Here's to your health, said Kelly.
> Good luck, I said.
> The porter was sour to the palate but viscid, potent. Kelly made a long noise as if releasing air from his interior.
> I looked at him from the corner of my eye and said:
> You can't beat a good pint.
> He leaned over and put his face close to mine in an earnest manner.
> Do you know what I am going to tell you, he said, with his wry mouth, a pint of plain is your only man.

The average reader may shrug and so-what at that, but it breathes, whether he likes it or not, the essence of Dublin. It is one of the simpler passages from *At Swim-Two-Birds*, Flann O'Brien's first published novel and an undeniable masterpiece. (That it was a masterpiece its author must have been aware, since he called a later book, *The Hard Life*, a mere "misterpiece.") Of this book Philip Toynbee has said: "If I were cultural dictator in England I would make *At Swim-Two-Birds* compulsory reading in all universities." Joyce, reading it with two years of life still to come, said: "There's a real writer with the true comic spirit." Still, there is no move as yet to make *At Swim-Two-Birds* required reading anywhere, though university students in Dublin sometimes quote from it as from a new Holy Writ.

It is a book that owes a lot to Joyce, but it avoids the massivity of *Ulysses*;

Anthony Burgess's most recent novel is Napoleon Symphony.

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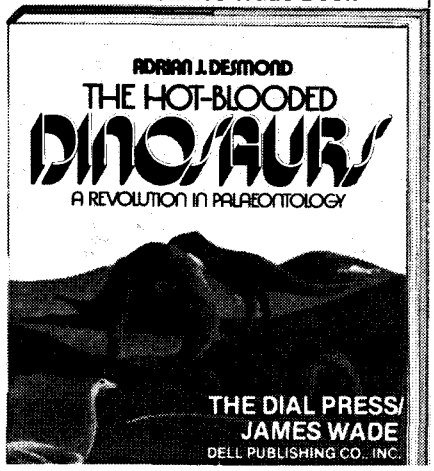

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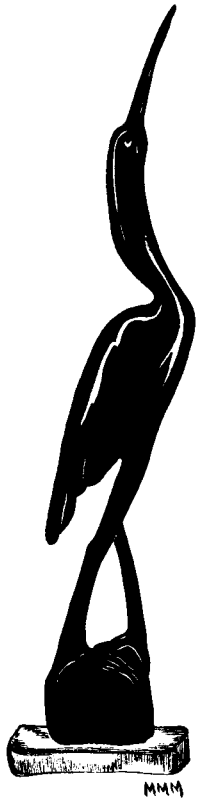
its touch is light, even whimsical. The narrator is an Irish student who, in the intervals of lying in bed and pub-crawling, is writing a novel about a man named Trellis who is writing a book about his enemies, who, in revenge, are writing a book about him. In a way, then, the book is a book about writing a book about writing a book. The student-narrator is interested not merely in literature but in Irish mythology, which enables him to bring in Finn MacCool, legendary Irish giant, and indulge in comic-heroic language which sounds as though it is literally translated from the Erse:

> The knees and calves to him, swealed and swathed with soogawns and Thomond weed-ropes, were smutted with dungs and dirt-daubs of every hue and pigment, hardened by stainings of mead and trickles of metheglin and all the dribblings and drippings of his medher, for it was the custom of Finn to drink nightly with his people.

What Flann O'Brien seems to have discovered in this work is a means of counterpointing myth, fiction, and actuality through the device of a sort of writer's commonplace book. He juxtaposes. The narrator drinks for the first time, and a long extract from a temperance warning on the evils of drink swoops down to nag at clinical length. The typescript novel about Trellis is delivered in installments. Finn MacCool lunges in. We have an impression not of a hierarchy of narrative levels but of genuine polyphony. This makes the very sound of the book, as well as its structure, startlingly original. What it seems to lack, and what Arthur Hailey and Irving Wallace do not lack, is conventional and traditional action. Here Joyce and O'Brien come together. Action—meaning mostly violence, sexual confrontation, the fruits of mindlessness—is a great bore to most serious novelists, since it tends to breed cliché. But how, without action, do you maintain narrative interest?

Well, you can push it onto the margins, where it is merely heard about, or into chunks of parody, extracts from ancient heroic annals, newspaper reports, dreams, drunken phantasmagorias. This is what O'Brien does and what Joyce does too. It seems like a limitation, but it grants scope for the only kind of extension that means much to the Irish writer—extension of fancy, of language. Your average best-seller gives you violent action and simple language. Joyce and Flann O'Brien assault your brain with words, style, magic, madness, huge vocabularies, and unlimited invention. In other words, they are literary writers, which loads the dice against their popular acceptance. Sex and dirty language helped Joyce's reputation; Flann O'Brien is as clean and unerotic as a boiled Wicklow egg.

BUT OPEN THE EGG and you may find a baby dragon. *The Third Policeman* (1967), O'Brien's last novel, looks like a fairy story, but it has a vision of genuine hell. Men can turn into bicycles in the service of horror, not of kid's whimsy. *The Hard Life* (1961), which is very funny, combines close notation of Dublin speech and manners with a subversion of natural law. A man increases his gravity overnight, in the way that Kafka's



hero turns into a beetle and Philip Roth's into a female breast, and he goes to holy Rome to have something done about it. This means cramming the narrative with Latin and Italian in the interests of getting the local color right—ostensibly; but any chance to extend the linguistic content of his work is embraced by O'Brien with unholy speed. *The Dalkey Archive* (1964) too has its fairy-tale nose-thumbing at the laws of nature, and in one especial awesome way: it brings back James Joyce from the dead.

Joyce, indeed, is discovered working

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as a pub-curate in Dalkey—mild, deeply devout, totally without literary ambitions. He has been accused of writing a filthy book called *Ulysses*, but he blames the book on the dead Irish writer Oliver St. John Gogarty. The only things he wants to write are little pamphlets for the Catholic Truth Society. So there he is in post-war Dublin, a little timid, overwhelmed by the big city, tall, lean, myopic, awfully nice. Whimsy again? Yes, but also a manifestation of a very Irish and very Catholic inability to think in terms of a treadmill chronology in which people are born and later die. The Irish, God bless them and the Tipperary quarter of myself, are not good at ordinary logic. The Holy Ghost will be greeted without surprise in a pubsnug. St. Augustine has heard the music of the Beatles. Noah's flood came after the battle of Waterloo. This slaughter of history, the ultimate violence, makes a *Finnegans Wake*, and it also makes the slenderer, and more engaging, books of Flann O'Brien.

TWO OTHER BOOKS of Flann O'Brien have recently come into print: *The Poor Mouth* (written first in Erse), which contains a brilliant piece of quintessential Irish storytelling, plays, obiter scripta, all fascinating; and, just published, *Stories and Plays*,* which includes the long-rumored, unfinished novel *Slattery's Sago Saga*, as well as his famous essay on James Joyce, "A Bash in the Tunnel." The pleasure available in these books should require no advocacy from me, but we are all so desperately unfanciful, inarticulate, pseudo-tough these days that it may require as much effort to get into Flann O'Brien's work as into heaven —which it much resembles when it does not resemble hell. Perhaps I had better invoke Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God. The most shameful aspect of our society is the debasement of its language —less in the mouths of the people than in those of its politicians and media kings. We're being fed increasingly with lies and half-truths through a deformed English most apt for deceit and obfuscation. We need to cry the truth back at the swine through language open to the light of reality, which means the human imagination. Of all the neglected truth-tellers of our age, Flann O'Brien is perhaps the most considerable. He shows what life is really like when the damnable abstractions are scrubbed away. You *have* to read him. □

*Viking, 208 pp., $8.95.

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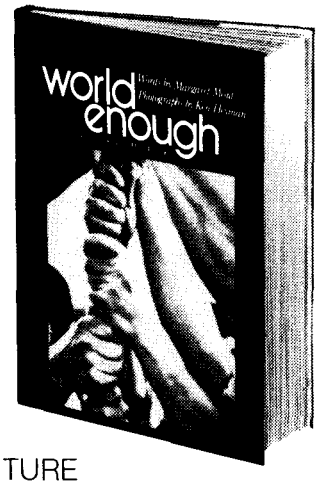

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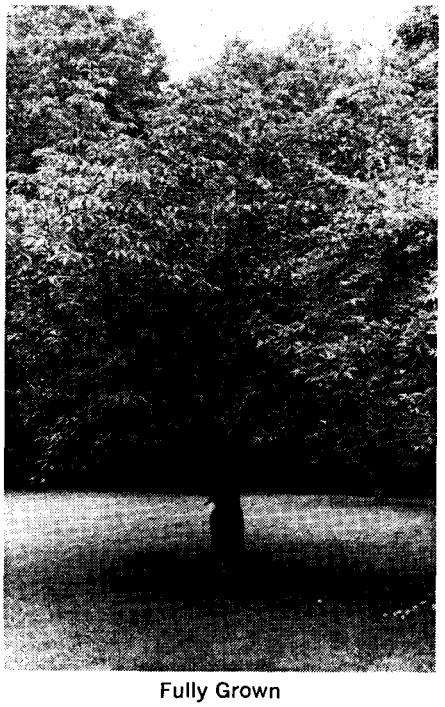

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Notes on a Shameful Era

Scoundrel Time
by Lillian Hellman
Little, Brown, 160 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Bruce Cook

It is sad that it was thought necessary to precede Lillian Hellman's short, personal memoir of the McCarthy Era with a long introduction by Garry Wills to set it all in historical context. Has it been so long? Have we forgotten so much? Are those under 35 so ignorant of the period that they need to be taken by the hand and guided through it?

Yes, probably yes, to all of these. For if we had really learned the lessons of what Lillian Hellman calls that "sad, comic, miserable time of our history," then what has happened in America during the past few years simply could not have happened. There is a line, direct and clearly discernible, that leads from Watergate and the misdeeds of the FBI and the CIA back to the grim period immediately following World War II when the siege mentality of the Cold War was formed and inspired. It is that fear—of the threat from without and of the danger within—which has been used over the years to justify everything from wiretapping and cheap, ignominious "dirty tricks" to attempted assassination.

All of this is by way of assuring you that even though Miss Hellman is scrupulously specific in what she says in *Scoundrel Time*, carefully limiting her text to what she herself experienced, thought, said, and did, this memoir nevertheless applies directly to the essential experience of her time—in other words, to history. There are a couple of good reasons for this. First, and probably most important, is that this is a work of *literary* quality. As with her two previous memoirs, *An Unfinished Woman* and *Pentimento*, *Scoundrel Time* is a triumph of tone. No writer I know can match the eloquence of her ah-what-the-hell as she looks back over the whole sorry spectacle and tells with restraint and precision just what she sees. Lillian Hellman is a woman given to truth-telling as a kind of benign neurosis. She spares neither her friends nor herself. But her contempt for her enemies is such that she can barely bring herself to consider them, explaining that one obstacle in dealing with this episode (and a reason she had not written directly about it in her earlier books)

> was and is my inability to feel much against the leading figures of the period, the men who punished me. Senators McCarthy and McCarran, Representatives Nixon, Walter and Wood, all of them, were what they were: men who invented when necessary, maligned even when it wasn't necessary. I do not think they believed much, if anything, of what they said: the time was ripe for a new wave in America, and they seized their political chance to lead it along each day's opportunity, spit-balling whatever and with whoever came into view.

Surely another reason that *Scoundrel Time*, within its set limits, is of real historical importance is that its author had such an important role in the continuing drama (about equal parts farce and tragedy) played out before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Not only was she the most eminent unfriendly witness to be called before the committee when she appeared in 1952—the author of *The Children's Hour*, *The Little Foxes*, and *The Autumn Garden*, among other plays—but she was the only one up to that time to score even a limited victory against it. She was blacklisted, all right, and was kept from working in motion pictures from 1951 to 1962. But the day she appeared before the committee was the day things started to go wrong for it.

For the record, she was not then, nor had she ever been, a member of any party. Nevertheless, she was then and had long been a friend of Dashiell Hammett—more than a friend: a wife, off and on, but for the paperwork. Hammett, by her own guess, joined the Communist Party in 1937 or 1938. She had attended meetings with him, she had been seen at political functions, and their names had appeared on petitions, lists of sponsors, and so on. They were marked. Hammett went to jail in 1951 for refusing to disclose the contributors to the bail-bond fund of the Civil Rights Congress. The subpoena she received on February 21, 1952, came as no surprise.

What baffled and ultimately embarrassed the HUAC was her desire, plainly stated in a letter to chairman John Wood, to cooperate with the committee to the extent that her conscience would allow. She set those limits very clearly:

Graphic House

Lillian Hellman, with Dashiell Hammett—

> I am prepared to waive the privilege against self-incrimination and to tell you anything you wish to know about my views or actions if your Committee will agree to refrain from asking me to name other people. If the Committee is unwilling to give this assurance, I will be forced to plead the privilege of the Fifth Amendment at the hearing.

The formula she offered, which eventually came to be known as the "diminished Fifth," was worked out with the help of her lawyer as a possible means of dealing with the peculiarities of the Fifth: "My counsel tells me that if I answer questions about myself, I will have waived my rights under the Fifth Amendment and would be forced legally to answer questions about others." But so simple, straightforward, and honorable a compromise as the one Miss Hellman offered was of no use to the committee, and therefore of no interest to it. Her request was refused.

Lillian Hellman appeared as ordered on May 21, 1952, and was, of course, forced to take the Fifth. She resorted to it as sparingly as she could. At one point

Bruce Cook is a free-lance writer whose biography of Dalton Trumbo will be published next winter.

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"Truth-telling as a benign neurosis."

she was read earlier testimony by that most garrulous of all the committee's friendly witnesses, a screenwriter once a Communist named Martin Berkeley (who, on September 19, 1951, named 151 as fellow party members, Miss Hellman among them). Berkeley placed her at a meeting in his home in 1937 at which "the Hollywood section of the Communist Party was organized." She had never met Martin Berkeley and had never been in his home, though she later learned she had once sat at a lunch table in the MGM commissary with him and about 16 other people. But rather than take the Fifth, which would make it look to some as though she had been there, she asked the committee to reconsider the offer she had made in her letter. As the committee members wrangled with her on the point, chairman Wood ordered that her letter be put into the record for clarification. With that, her attorney, Joseph Rauh, quite properly jumped up and distributed mimeographed copies of the letter to the press gallery. A couple of minutes later, when enough time had passed for the letter to have been read, a voice piped up from the press section: "Thank God somebody finally had the guts to do it." Lillian Hellman comments at this point, "It is never wise to say that something is the best minute of your life, you must be forgetting, but I still think that unknown voice made the words that helped to save me." The round went to her, the first the committee had lost. The press was on her side, and since the hearings were staged primarily (if not solely) for publicity, the reaction of the press was all-important.

Things still went badly for her for nearly a decade afterward. There was no movie work except for an ill-starred effort for Alexander Korda. She was forced to sell her house in New York City and her farm in Westchester County, Hammett died (she wrote movingly of this in her two earlier memoirs), and she wound up the Fifties working half-days in a New York department store. She began writing for the theater again and eventually enjoyed great success—financial as well as critical—with her play *Toys in the Attic*. By that time, the Sixties, the movie blacklist was more or less a dead issue and the survivors were accepted back, one by one, she among them. But:

> I have written here that I have recovered. I mean it only in a worldly sense because I do not believe in recovery. The past, with its pleasures, its rewards, its foolishness, its punishments, is there for each of us forever, and it should be.

Forgive and remember.

There are those, however, she cannot forgive—not, perhaps surprisingly, those who cooperated with the committee and actually gave names of those known, or sometimes only thought, to be Communists. There are sad, vivid, touching portraits of a couple of these on the eve of testifying. She shows us Clifford Odets at dinner with her, truculently proclaiming his defiance, pounding the table so hard he knocks over a glass, promising he would "show them the face of a real radical man." He appeared before the committee the day before she did, and he gave names. Not long after her meeting with Odets she had another dinner, this time with Elia Kazan. He talked in such circles that he only managed to confuse her. Thinking that if she gave him a few minutes to collect himself he might make more sense, she left their table to make a phone call to someone who happened to be a mutual friend. In passing, she mentioned her difficulty understanding what Kazan was getting at. She was told "He is telling you that he is going to become a friendly witness. I know because he told me this morning." Kazan and Odets named one another as former members of the Communist Party; neither implicated Lillian Hellman.

Those whom she cannot forgive—the true villains of the piece as she sees it—were the liberals who stood by and let it all happen: "Radicalism or anti-radicalism should have had nothing to do with the sly, miserable methods of McCarthy, Nixon, and colleagues, as they flailed at Communists, near-Communists, and nowhere-near Communists. Lives were being ruined and few hands were raised in help. Since when do you have to agree with people to defend them from injustice?" Her indignation is real and, to a very large extent, it is justified.

The silence, and in some cases the complicity, of the liberal intellectuals is the only factor that satisfactorily explains to those under 35 today just how the McCarthy era could have happened. It happened because it was allowed to happen. Yet applying the dictum of Dalton Trumbo, another victim of the period, perhaps the liberals were not quite the villains Lillian Hellman seems to think them; perhaps they, along with all the rest, were "only victims." Whatever guilt they shared in the affair was more generalized. All, except those who worked actively against the blacklist, the committee, and McCarthy, shared some part of it. (I was a Cold Warrior for the Army Security Agency and signed a loyalty oath in order to teach at the University of Indiana, and so I include myself in this.) Retribution was slower to come, but come it did when Vietnam and Watergate were visited upon us all. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 56

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 63.

UZ UX S QGTSZ SKMSE-
ZSQT IWG S XFXZTO
WI BDUCWXWBDF ZW
JT XAJXZSEZUSCCF
ZGAT.

–XSEZSFSES

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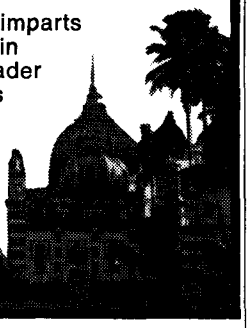

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Little, Brown, 272 pp., $7.95

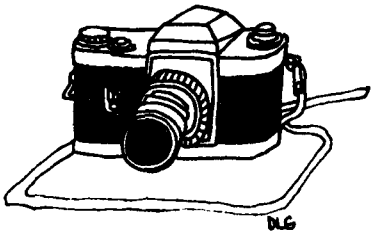
Reviewed by Michael Wood

Anthony Powell's *A Dance to the Music of Time*, a sequence of 12 novels, of which *Hearing Secret Harmonies* is the 12th and last, is a major piece of English fiction, yet remains curiously hard to place. It is a charming, intelligent, highly readable, and very funny work; it is also diffident, stilted even, on the subject of its own stature—almost as if Powell had set out to be Proust without Proust's ambition or despair. A recent comment by Powell on John Galsworthy is revealing: "I think he had the great failing, for a novelist, of being appallingly conceited, and thought he could deal with all sorts of things that he couldn't deal with." Powell is not at all conceited, and never makes this mistake. When he conjures up a memory of Proust in the ninth volume in the series, *The Military Philosophers* (1968), he is careful to surround the grand and sensitive ghost with a gaggle of Allied officers quarreling about a bathroom, and to translate his narrator's "Proustian musings" into a determinedly offhand English idiom:

> At the same time, a faint sense of disappointment superimposed on an otherwise absorbing inner experience was in its way suitably Proustian too: a reminder of the eternal failure of human life to respond a hundred percent; to rise to the greatest heights without allowing at the same time some suggestion, however slight, to take shape in indication that things could have been better.

Proust would have endorsed the thought, but the manner is miles away from his seriousness. "Otherwise," "in its way," "a hundred percent," "things could have been better," the rather clumsy repetition of "at the same time"—that is the language of casual English modesty, and of course we shouldn't be entirely taken in by it. But we shouldn't ignore it either. Unlike Galsworthy, Powell knows his limitations almost depressingly well, and he has devoted 12 books and 25 years of his life to a project whose virtues are inseparable from its modesty. How are we to describe it? As a major work in a minor voice? An epic in a whisper?

Powell wrote five elegant novels in the Thirties, and conceived *A Dance to the Music of Time* in the shadow of the approaching war. He thought of it as a sort of promise to himself as a writer, a scheme for a survivor—if he survived. The first book in the series, *A Question of Upbringing* (1951), introduces the narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, at school and at Oxford. It ends, like the two following novels, *A Buyer's Market* (1952) and *The Acceptance World* (1955), on a moment of change. Nick is stood up by his friend Charles Stringham, who suddenly has affairs in the wide world of grown-ups, and Nick realizes that "this parting was one of those final things that happen, recurrently, as time passes: until at last they may be recognized fairly easily as the close of a period." In the rest of the series Nick writes books, gets married (*At Lady Molly's*, 1957; *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*, 1960), waits for the war and takes part in it (*The Kindly Ones*, 1962; *The Valley of Bones*, 1964;



The Soldier's Art, 1966), returns to literary life (*Books Do Furnish a Room*, 1971; *Temporary Kings*, 1973), and begins, in the new novel, to grow old. But the books are not *about* Nick, who is clearly a sort of mask for Powell: neither a spokesman nor a self-portrait, but a *persona*, the way Powell the writer wishes to appear within his own text. And the way he wishes to appear, most of the time, is invisible. Nick is simply a commenting intelligence that collects items for Powell's central construction—an image of life as a long dance, suggested by Poussin's painting of the seasons:

> . . . human beings, facing outward like the Seasons, moving hand in hand in intricate measure: stepping slowly, methodically, sometimes a trifle awkwardly, in evolutions that take recognisable shape: or breaking into seemingly meaningless gyrations, while partners disappear only to reappear again, once more giving pattern to the spectacle:

Michael Wood is the author of Stendhal *and* America in the Movies.

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unable to control the melody, unable, perhaps, to control the steps of the dance.

Nothing could be further from Proust's (or Eliot's) notion of a redemption from time through time. For Powell there are only these helpless, rather rigid dancers and the formations they make. When Nick runs into his unbearable old schoolmate Widmerpool after not seeing him for a while, he thinks that the encounter helps to prove, "somehow rather consolingly," that life goes on in its "mysterious, patterned way":

> Widmerpool was a recurring milestone on the road; perhaps it would be more apt that his course, as one jogged round the track, was run from time to time, however different the pace, in common with my own.

Nick (and Powell) claim nothing for the patterns they perceive in human interaction except the "obscure satisfaction" that the patterns seem to offer the viewer.

The patterns, the figures of the dance, are frequently comic. An unnamed person is announced as somehow connected to someone present, and it turns out to be someone Nick knows rather well. This happens again and again, often enough to become a pattern in its own right, a special minuet. General Conyers is getting married again. To whom? To Miss Weedon, who saved Nick's friend Stringham from drink. The general's sister-in-law is engaged. Who is her fiancé? Widmerpool. Lady Molly has acquired a casual lodger. Who is it? Nick's friend Hugh Moreland. Sir Magnus Donners has sent round one of his guests to pick up Nick and a few others. Who is this temporary chauffeur? Peter Templer, who was at school with Nick and Stringham and Widmerpool. This step can turn into a *tic* at times, and now and then I find myself longing for someone Nick *doesn't* know to show up on one of these occasions. But mostly Powell manages his predictable surprises with great skill and tact, and the faint unlikeliness of such insistently recurring meetings helps to stave off the claustrophobia they might otherwise induce.

THE IMPLICIT ASSUMPTION in the plot of *A Dance to the Music of Time* is that we know most of the people we are likely to know by the time we are 30, and that any new people we may happen to meet will certainly know some of our friends. We might say that this is true of the world that Powell writes about—upper-class England and the better-connected fringes of bohemia and academe—and of course Powell is offering a social, English version of a Freudian design, with Eton and Oxford and literary London taking the place of the childhood trauma that never lets you go. But the main effect of Powell's patterns is to point us toward superstition rather than toward sociology. When you meet a friend by chance on the street at the far end of town, you don't really think the world is a small place; you think that in spite of its being demonstrably a large and crowded place, the world still permits strange and pleasing collisions. There is, as Powell says, an "obscure satisfaction" in this—and perhaps a hint that the world has a secret symmetry and meaning, even if God is dead and no one is ever going to show us the plans he left behind.

"She was a girl who felt that life should be full of meaning and she broke with her second husband, a film producer, because he adapted one of the minor classics too freely." "Her father, a captain retired from the Marines, who had lost his wife's money by judicious investments, lived in a bungalow on the south coast with his eight children and this used sometimes to make him appear a discontented man." This is Powell's early style, in *Venusberg* (1932). The throwaways are splendid, suggesting Evelyn Waugh in a quieter mood than he ever seems to have had. But they are showy, in their discreet fashion, and there is nothing much behind them. Powell's later style continues this subdued tone, but gives it all kinds of wry and powerful undercurrents:

> Announced by the melancholy dirge of sirens, like ritual wailings at barbarous obsequies, the German planes used to arrive shortly before midnight—it was a long way to come—turning up in principle about half an hour after sleep had descended. They would fly across the town at comparatively high altitude, then, wheeling lower, hum fussily back on their tracks, sometimes dropping an incendiary or two, for luck, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Mess, before passing on to the more serious business of lodging high explosives on docks and shipyards.

There is a good deal of muted humor here, but no facetiousness, and Powell does not now sound like Waugh at all. A line or two later he describes the sound of the air-raid siren in a carefully incongruous comparison, the hallmark of Powell's later writing:

> The last jerky, strangled notes of the Warning, as it died away, always recalled some musical instrument inadequately mastered; General Conyers, for example, rendering Gounod or Saint-Saëns on his cello. . . .

Yet across all this low-keyed language Powell manages to project almost Dickensian characters and situations. There is Blackhead, for instance, an obdurate bureaucrat finally baffled because a superior has written, at the foot of a meticulous and interminable official minute that Blackhead has sent him, "Please amplify." Or there is the horrible Widmerpool, heard here on the subject of Germany in the late Thirties:

> I quite see that there are aspects of Hitler's program to which objection may most legitimately be taken. For example, I myself possess a number of Jewish friends, some of them very able men—Jimmy Klein, for example—and I should therefore much prefer that item of the National Socialist policy to be dropped. I am, in fact, not at all sure that it will *not* be dropped when matters get straightened out a bit. . . .

Thirty years later, in *Hearing Secret Harmonies*, Widmerpool is the chancellor of an English university, and has paint thrown all over him by a pair of protesting students. Undaunted, he remarks:

> It was the right thing to do. It was the only thing to do. I was taking part in a piece of pompous and meaningless ceremonial, which my own good sense, and social opinions, should have taught me to avoid.

He complains about "the wrongness of

"You think they're literati. I think they're talking about cars."

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the way we live, the wrongness of marriage, the wrongness of money, the wrongness of education, the wrongness of government." A self-styled man of the will, Widmerpool is a creep and an appeaser, and he now wants to join the disaffected young. He does team up with a strange youth cult, and dies while out running on one of their exercises. Our first sight of Widmerpool in *A Dance to the Music of Time* was on the first pages of the first novel in the series, as he hobbled home in the rain from an afternoon run.

Hearing Secret Harmonies picks up other old threads from earlier volumes. Nick meets Jean Duport, his first serious love, looking like a "sad Goya duchess," in an art gallery where the long-dead Mr. Deacon, a painter friend of Nick's parents, is undergoing a revival as an "Edwardian symbolist." But a work like *A Dance to the Music of Time*, for all its returning patterns, can't really be pulled together and finished. It can't end, it can only stop. Dancers disappear or die, but there are other dancers, and the dance will go on, with or without Powell and his narrator. *Hearing Secret Harmonies* leaves us where we began 12 novels ago, in *A Question of Upbringing*—on a cold and darkening English day, snow falling, and Time briefly pausing before it strikes up again with its unforgiving music: "Even the formal measure of the Seasons seemed suspended in the wintry silence." □

New Books

Bloodshed and Three Novellas

by Cynthia Ozick
Knopf, 178 pp., $6.95

A difficult but commanding performance by a first-rate storyteller, executed with a lot more dazzle and sense than one has come to expect from contemporary writers of fiction. In the preface, Cynthia Ozick tells us that "stories ought to judge and interpret the world"; sometimes rather obliquely, perhaps, but almost always profoundly, this is what the four longish tales in this collection accomplish. Although Miss Ozick works with various voices and styles, her most powerful vision is imbued with a deep consciousness of Jewish culture and history—reminiscent, when she is at her best, of the folkloric tales of I. B. Singer. True, there are lapses, times when her inventions seem to spring not so much from experience as from the brain. Also tending to dilute some of her more elegant, literary effects is an intrusion into the business at hand of the author's self-consciousness, as in "Usurpation," a generally complex and textured work flawed only by too much technical hocus-pocus, art obviously speculating about art. Still, these pieces bring us resonant news of real worlds—telling here of pettiness and spite, there of commonplace kindness and decency, elsewhere, and most forcefully, of ineffable horror. Miss Ozick is a masterworker, original, idiosyncratic, fashioning from the endlessly variegated and compelling experience of a people the stuff of important art.

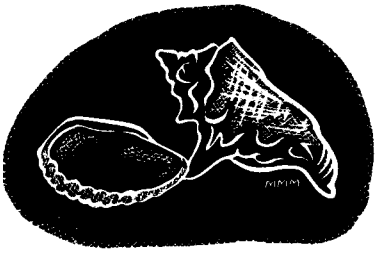
JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

Sweet William

by Beryl Bainbridge
Braziller, 204 pp., $7.95

Starring one of the more believable male rogues to appear in recent fiction, Beryl Bainbridge's latest novel is a grim and elegant little tale about the enslaving



and disruptive power of egotism—masquerading, in this case, as romantic love. Miss Bainbridge's style, lean and wry, is amply suited to her book's various characterizations, from the acid-etched portrait of the thrust and parry between Ann Walton and her biting and bitter mother, to the unsentimental rendering of Ann's desperate and outrageous affair with Sweet William, a man of passionate appetites and emotional greed. The author handles the folly, the upheavals of modernity, particularly as they take their toll on private emotional life, with an intelligence and lack of self-pity that few writers manage these days. One would not call Miss Bainbridge's eye compassionate or especially humane, but it is not quite cynical, either; such things as these happen, her narrator dispassionately maintains, as the hapless, wrecking relationship at the novel's center runs its course. There is nothing gladdening here, certainly, but one is nonetheless moved and chilled by the heroine's ordeal, sobered by the fate meted out to her at the story's close.

J.L.C.

•

A Book of Men: Visions of the Male Experience

Edited by Ross Firestone
Stonehill, 336 pp., $9.95 cloth, $5.95 paper

Not long ago a book excerpting modern writings to yield the essence of the male experience would very likely have leaned heavily on the hairy-chested: big-game hunters, athletes, soldiers in the camaraderie of battle. Ross Firestone's compendium of some 200 selections from the personal writings—diaries, autobiographies, letters—of chiefly 20th-century figures, ranging from André Gide to James Dickey, from August Strindberg to Lenny Bruce, shows how far we have moved from that locker-room view. It was the women's-liberation movement that started the shift in sensibility, and Firestone reflects that movement, perhaps too faithfully. For his book treats men as though they suffered from a liability many women are complaining about: a confinement to personal relationships, to the home and family. The male experience is grouped under the subheadings of sons, lovers, husbands, and fathers. There is no section for men as workers or friends. Yet the ability of men to get out of the house and interact with the larger world has been one of the characteristics of the sex, and one of the advantages of it that women are right in coveting.

Perhaps this slant is an attempt by Firestone to correct the previous tendency to focus on men as doers and shakers. He has come up with some provocative and haunting pieces that will encourage further reading of their authors. The accompanying surrealistic collage engravings by Jim Herder powerfully reflect the book's inward-looking mood.

RALPH TYLER

•

Madam Secretary: Frances Perkins

by George Martin
Houghton Mifflin, 589 pp., $16.95

To those who remember Frances Perkins, she was a small, middle-aged lady given to black dresses and tricorne hats, a lady who, incongruously to most, became Franklin Roosevelt's Secretary of Labor. She was the first woman Cabi-

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net member—of all New Deal reformers the most maligned and underestimated, not least because she was female. Yet just two of her many legislative triumphs, Social Security and the Fair Labor Practices Act, permanently changed the lives of American working people.

This first biography of Perkins has authoritative political interest through the author's use of Perkins's recently accessible papers and oral history. Beyond that, the book examines the contradiction within the national temper, its sturdy roots in an egalitarian ideal, and the frequently hostile soil that slows their growth. Perkins fused the evangelism of a settlement worker (as she was in her youth, fighting "unnecessary hazards to life, unnecessary poverty") with wholly pragmatic political skill. What can be done? What must be done? These were for her *religious* questions, to be answered by legislation. Her successful lobbying in New York State politics impressed Gov. Al Smith and, later, Roosevelt. In Washington she fell afoul the pre-McCarthyite Dies Committee, which impeached her, hoping to convince the country that this New England-born, devoutly Christian democrat was, in fact, a Russian Jewish Communist. (She was acquitted.)

Miss Perkins, as she called herself, was a determinedly private person who resisted media intrusion into her intimate existence as wife and mother. By deliberate choice, she expressed her life's meaning through social and political action. It was not a popular attitude, but in this and the measure of her accomplishment, time has proved to be on her side.

MURIEL HAYNES

•

Double Honeymoon

by Evan S. Connell, Jr.
Putnam, 275 pp., $8.95

Evan S. Connell, Jr., likes to watch people figure-skating on the surface of time. They glide, they slip, they fall, try to move backward, plunge forward too fast, eventually realize they're out of their element. Karl Muhlbach, the hero of *Double Honeymoon*, is a man who not only feels he is in the wrong time (he prefers the 18th century), but who is also horrified to see time slipping away; it has left him a middle-aged insurance-company executive so boring he is not even likable. He performs the classic gesture of age sickened by itself: he has an affair with a younger woman. Why is it that when middle-aged men (authors?) face young girls, they lose all sense of reality? The clichés of plot, language, and style are embarrassing to read: Lambeth Brent is blond, beautiful, a model, "into" astrology and Rod McKuen, and, of course, good in bed. Men are wildly attracted to her, but they're drawn to her as insects to the sweet smell of rot, for she is also cruel and crazy, loose and fickle, corrupt and as unfinished as her too-short skirts and the foul language that belies her looks. So her appearance is an affliction; Connell's grasp of the situation is so frail that the answer can only be: so what?

Connell has tried his hand at New York in this book, but all he has come up with is an array of sleazy and interchangeable characters in search of a *New Yorker* cartoon. Cartoons are not his forte; he belongs with the severe drama of his Midwestern *Mrs. Bridge* or the sad dignity of *The Connoisseur*. Evan Connell is at his best when he shows the most mundane life being constructed as a conscious, even a self-conscious, work of art. Muhlbach is no artist. What does that tell you about his author?

CELIA BETSKY

•

Telephone: The First 100 Years

by John Brooks
Harper & Row, 384 pp., $12.50

Ask any American who lives abroad what he misses most, and you'll find that Ma Bell invariably comes near the top of the list. There's nothing like prolonged exposure to, say, Britain's Post Office Telephone for engendering a lively appreciation of good old AT&T. Yes, it's a monopoly. Yes, it's a styleless (and, some would say, soulless) corporate behemoth. But it works. The number you dial is the number you get. Elsewhere it ain't necessarily so.

This year being the centennial of Alexander Graham Bell's invention and of the company he fathered, a birthday book was inevitable. As corporate histories go, this one is above average. John Brooks tells us what we need to know about AT&T's makers and shakers, its booms and busts, its evolution from robber-baron rapacity to enlightened public service. It's a well-bred account of a well-bred company, but it could do with a little more pepper. Brooks describes the atmosphere at 195 Broadway —AT&T's headquarters—as "bland and civil," and that pretty well characterizes his book. He is not unquestioning, but the questions he poses tend to be ponderous, and somehow the telephone itself gets lost in the corporate shuffle. For example, Brooks notes the advent of Touch-Tone service without asking what those buttons marked * and # are for. And he describes the overseas operating rooms at 32 Sixth Avenue in New York without wondering why Ma Bell persists in hiring monolingual operators for what is patently a bilingual job. Trivial questions, perhaps, but they've been bugging me for years.

ROLAND GELATT

"I'm pleased to tell you, gentlemen, that in addition to serving the public, helping find the answers to some of the world's problems, improving the quality of life in America, and providing new and better products for the consumer, this quarter we made a bundle!"

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

A Pleasure to Read

Houghton Mifflin has always done right by poetry, and now it is doing even righter, inaugurating the New Poetry Series, which will bring us—guess what—new poets. The first of these is Judith Leet, and her book is *Pleasure Seeker's Guide* (Houghton Mifflin, April 15, $6.95 cloth, $3.95 paper). Mrs. Leet lives in Chestnut Hill, Mass., with her husband and two children, and she's a pleasure to read. Take the jaunty "A Bird Watch":

An obese jay took his perch on a branch
near my porch. His feathers barely covered
his girth.
I had never, being city-born, seen before an
obese jay,
who overate whatever it is jays eat.
Despite his breadth, he could still cruise
smoothly
between the ladders of pine branches—
just as certain plump men dance suavely—
preening for, I saw her, another obese jay.
He pursued her between the grid of
branches,
finally caught and gave her a forceful hug.
Nothing yet too passionate to watch.
He next exhibited his skills in flying—
a dive into a spin into an oval orbit—
a blatant self-display that I frown on in
myself.
She joined him and they flew a formation,
wing tips touching, dipping in and out of
currents.
I sensed he adored her. He riffled her
feathers.
Was I a bird watcher or a voyeur? I shut
my eyes.

Smiles and Similes

Peter De Vries's *I Hear America Swinging* (Little, Brown, May 13, $7.95) is not a big gun in that author's canon, but neither is it by any means a small bore (you get this way reading him). Guffaws, laughs, and snickers. He takes us to Middle City, Iowa, and gives us Bill Bumpers, a young marriage counselor, as our guide. The farmers out there have become swingers—they now drink coffee *after* the meal instead of with it, they get analyzed, they buy vintage wines, they have orgies and swappings, they refuse to dust the crops—"Let the maid do it." De Vries hands us a generous variety of characters—a hayseed art critic, a lady wrestler, a "homemade foodstuffs" tycoon—and showers us with puns, witticisms, and similes. "My eyes were bloodshot—they looked like gnawed cherry pits." "... a small hole in the mustache I was trying to grow. It was a poor thing at best, probably no more than Alice B. Toklas's. . . ."

A typical exchange:

"What are you putting in this year, Heck? Alfalfa?"

"No, my dear, soybeans. Alfalfa's terribly *démodé*. Read any Department of Agriculture advisory on what to plant. Besides the ever-loving corn, of course."

"I see your hired man out there. Is he harrowing?"

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that. A trifle unprepossessing perhaps."

Dog Nut

I used to subscribe to the English magazine *Spectator*, and would clip and save all articles about country life by Ian Niall. I still have them. Now, to my delight, he turns up with a book, *One Man and His Dogs* (Morrow, April 23, $5.95). The title tells all, except that there is a lot in it about farming and poaching and country living. About the dogs: there is Jackie, "the old man's darling":

One of my aunts reminded me of grandfather's confidence in Jackie's ability to understand every word that was spoken. "I'll praise the cat," said my aunt, "and you just listen to poor Jackie!" I looked at Jackie lying with his head on his paws. "Isn't that a lovely cat?" my aunt said. "Isn't she a clever cat? I love that cat!" Poor Jackie lifted his head and howled! He went on howling as long as the cat was praised.

And there are Bess and Toss and Help, and, most of all, Niall's companion for 15 devoted years, the Cairn terrier, Susy, with an underslung jaw. I am frankly a dog nut, so I loved the book. If you are, you will.

Who's There?

S. J. Perelman, Maurice Dolbier, and I had a number of long sessions with a Ouija board in my Manhattan apartment some 15 years ago. Nobody was home to me; Maurice chatted with a few jokers; and Perelman had long, funny conversations with his old friend Robert Benchley, reminiscing about his suite in the Royalton Hotel. I put the Ouija in a closet, and hadn't thought about it until this week, when I read Dan Greenburg's *Something's There* (Doubleday, May 7, $7.95). A good title for humorist Greenburg's investigations in the occult world. He begins at Loch Ness (no monster), goes on to interviews and personal testings with psychics (convincing), witches (unconvincing), Haitian magic (hilarious and unconvincing), the Ouija (it works!), exorcism (well, I gotta admit . . .), telepathy (sounds plausible). He attends a couple of séances (totally unbelievable) and goes to Canada for some first-class table-rapping (he heard it). Very little about astrology, and no I Ching. I *want* to be a skeptic about all this stuff, but I know Greenburg and believe him, so what's out there? As he says, "I have not seen enough yet to be an outright believer, but I have certainly seen too much to be a disbeliever of anything, no matter how crazy-assed." □

"We'd like someplace where f8 at 1/60th requires a medium-yellow filter."

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artsletter

COPYRIGHT CHANGES. Barring some unforeseen hitches, a new copyright act should be on the books before Congress recesses for the election. The new bill, which has already passed the Senate and is due for House action this summer, will materially enhance the copyright protection afforded authors and composers in this country. Some of its major provisions:

• Copyright protection is extended to encompass the lifetime of an author plus a period of 50 years from the date of death. Under present U. S. law, copyright can last a maximum of 56 years.

• English-language books no longer need be manufactured in the United States to qualify for copyright here.

• Wholesale photocopying of copyrighted material without payment of royalties is forbidden, though limited photocopying will be permitted. The intent of the new law is to prevent evasion of royalty payments through photocopying, while still allowing fair use.

As noted here last year (Artsletter, Oct. 18, 1975), no provision is made for performance royalties in the new copyright legislation, and the separate bill that deals with performance royalties is given little chance of passage. But if performers are still being neglected, authors and composers have grounds for some cautious optimism. The new copyright bill is a distinct improvement over the old legislation that has done duty since 1909, and its prospects for enactment this year look good.

OLYMPIC ARTS. In addition to pole-vaulting and relay racing, visitors to the Olympic Games in Montreal this summer will be able to see something of Canada's arts and crafts. Under new rules laid down by the International Olympic Committee, Canada is preparing an $8 million program focusing on its own cultural heritage.

Painting, sculpture, and crafts from Canada's 10 provinces and two territories will be displayed at the Olympic Stadium; artisans and craftsmen will do their thing at an outdoor workshop near the stadium; and Sherbrooke Street will be turned into an outdoor sculpture gallery. Many of Canada's performing-arts organizations will also be putting in appearances at Montreal during the Olympiad, including the National and Royal Winnipeg ballets, the Montreal and Toronto symphony orchestras, and various French-language and English-language theater groups.

OPERA GUIDE. This week the Metropolitan Opera packs up at Lincoln Center and sets off on its annual tour, having meanwhile announced plans for the season that opens on October 11. Three works never before performed by the company are on next season's agenda: Massenet's "Esclarmonde," Alban Berg's "Lulu," and Poulenc's "Dialogue des Carmélites." The Massenet production, with sets and costumes by Beni Montresor, will be borrowed from the San Francisco Opera (an increasingly common budget-saver in these days of operatic austerity) and will feature Joan Sutherland in the title role. Berg's posthumous opera is to be conducted by James Levine and the "Carmélites" by Michel Plasson, a young French conductor making his debut with the company (though not in the house--see below). Other new productions: "Lohengrin," conducted by Levine, with René Kollo in the title role; Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," last heard in

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1928, now being revived for Marilyn Horne; and "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto and Luciano Pavarotti in a production borrowed from Lyric Opera of Chicago. Strangely (and inexplicably, considering her much-praised appearances this season), no mention is made of conductor Sarah Caldwell in the Met's forthcoming plans.

Prior to the Metropolitan's new season, operagoers on the East Coast were to have been treated to visits by two of Europe's foremost companies: Milan's La Scala and the Paris Opéra. On March 21, however, the Italian government announced that La Scala's American tour had been canceled owing to Italy's "delicate financial and economic situation." The plan had been for La Scala to give 14 performances of four operas at Washington's Kennedy Center from September 7-19, supplemented by concert performances of the Verdi Requiem in New York and Philadelphia. All of this was to have been in the nature of a Bicentennial gift from Italy to the United States, but the sharp devaluation of the lira apparently made the cost of the visit prohibitive. Kennedy Center hopes to fill the hole created by La Scala's defection with "some suitable musical or ballet replacement."

The Paris Opéra is still coming--first to the Metropolitan Opera House (Sept. 8-18), then to Kennedy Center (Sept. 21-Oct. 3). The New York engagement opens with Mozart's "Figaro," the same production that initiated the Opéra's new lease on life under the administration of Rolf Liebermann in 1972. As then, the conductor will be Georg Solti. "Faust," with costumes and decor to fit Gounod's 19th-century musical style, will be conducted by the above-mentioned Michel Plasson. The third opera is Verdi's "Otello," in a new production by Joseph Svoboda to be unveiled in Paris this spring. Solti again will conduct, and the cast includes soprano Margaret Price, tenor Carlo Cossuta, and--to uphold French honor?--baritone Gabriel Bacquier.

Finally, a furtive tear for the old Metropolitan Opera House, which closed its doors for the last time just ten years ago: April 16, 1966.

ROLAND GELATT

NSLA News

GUGGENHEIM TOUR. Thomas Messer, director of the Guggenheim Museum in New York City, will escort NSLA members on a special lecture-tour of the current exhibit, discussed by Katharine Kuh on page 37 of this issue. The date: May 11. The time: 7:30 p.m. The place: the Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Avenue at 89th St. Admission is free but only by reservation. Phone 212/751-7901, Ext. N.

BOOK AND AUTHOR LUNCHEON. Also on May 11, at the Lotos Club, 5 East 66th St., New York--James Baldwin, Dan Greenburg, and Gail Sheehy will discuss their new books. Lunch begins at noon; the speakers will start at about 1:00 p.m. All-inclusive price: $7.50. For reservations, phone 212/751-7901, Ext. N. The March 9 Book and Author event played to standing room only, so early reservations are advised.

TOURS. A Shakespeare Festival Tour with SR theater critic Henry Hewes as lecturer-guide is planned for the period June 26-July 9. The tour will include performances at the Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, New York; the American Shakespeare Theater in Stratford, Conn.; the Canadian Shakespeare Theater in Stratford, Ontario; and the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon in England. Backstage visits, discussions with cast members, and seminars with Shakespeare scholars are also on the agenda. For information, write to NSLA at address below.

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The Guggenheim: A Rarefied Pantheon

by Katharine Kuh

As the Bicentennial hysteria engulfs American art activities, an unlikely candidate to surface under this banner is an exhibition just opened (April 9) at New York's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, where it will remain on view for six months occupying bays and ramps designed appropriately by our country's history-making architect Frank Lloyd Wright. And yet unlikely, I repeat, because among the more than 200 works (limited exclusively to paintings produced between 1880 and 1945) only a handful, six or seven at most, can qualify as indigenously American. The assemblage is, however, a survey of consuming interest, despite the fact that its dates and content have no direct bearing on the current Bicentennial "racket." If only by its brave iconoclasm, the show tells us much about the social and esthetic tastes of this country during the Thirties and Forties.

What we see is a narrow but brilliant concentration of certain European movements that, among others, acted as determining factors on the art of this century If we think of the Bicentennial as an excuse for summarizing and re-evaluating our native triumphs, then the Guggenheim survey is scarcely eligible. And yet operating in reverse, it graphically points up why American artists finally repudiated domination from abroad. Like the colonists, they rebelled. Anger, frustration, and a truculent sense of rejection led to a new confidence that accelerated especially in New York during the Fifties and resulted in a group we call the Abstract Expressionists. The Guggenheim, a towering stronghold of European accomplishment, was not the only institution in this country to overlook Americans, but, as the present exhibition amply indicates, it was, at least during its early years, a prime offender. For here, where native paintings were largely ignored until it was too costly to represent them in more than isolated examples, nearly 150 Kandinskys have been amassed, but not one Rothko or Still. And yet the result makes for a most interesting if eccentric museum.

Ironies proliferate, for these very Kandinskys unquestionably influenced some

The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

Improvisation 28 *(1912) by Vasily Kandinsky*

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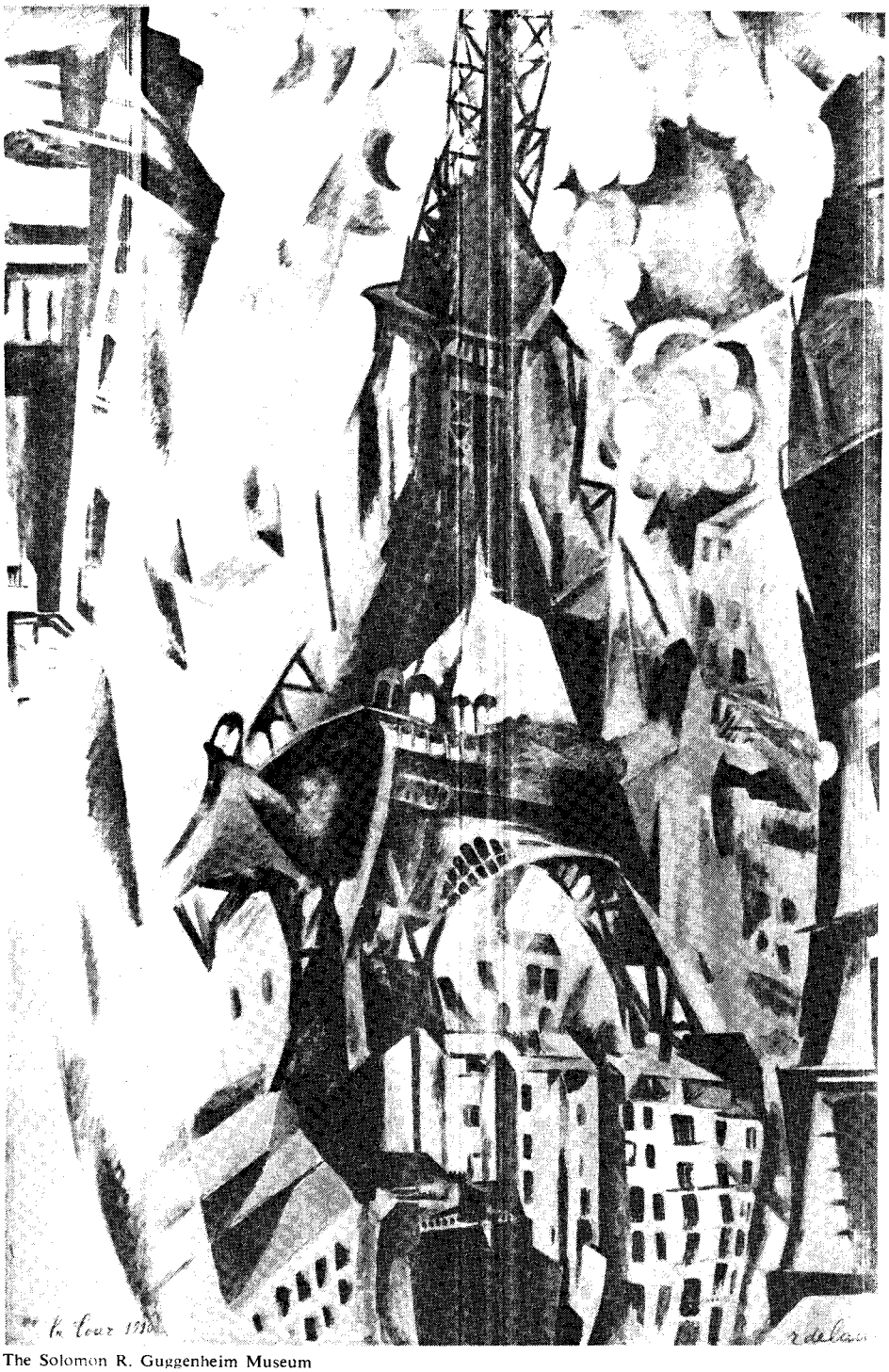
of the Abstract Expressionists precisely when they were brushing off all foreign contacts. For them at last Paris was taboo. Take Rothko, who in his anti-European crusade even went so far as to denounce all Renaissance paintings, finding them little better than "tinted drawings." Yet it was he who toward the end of his life (after success had caught up with him) established a room of his own canvases not in an American institution but at the Tate in London, and it was he who finally confessed that Matisse and Turner were his natural ancestors. All of which is an obtuse way of saying how much I, for one, enjoy idiosyncratic museums like the Guggenheim, where we are exposed to a specialized diet and not merely to a repetition of what every well-bred modern museum cooks up. Full of paradoxes, personalities, and passionate enthusiasms, wayward institutions are even interesting for their lacunae.

The exhibition currently on view provides clues to the Guggenheim's history. Offering the most comprehensive selection of the museum's permanent painting collection ever shown, it celebrates the publication of a scholarly two-volume catalog annotating much of the same material that appears on the walls. At future dates other areas will be covered by four separate catalogs reviewing *Sculpture and Works on Paper 1880–1945*, *Art of the Post–World War II Era*, and *The Justin K. Thannhauser* and *Peggy Guggenheim Collections*.

The Guggenheim Museum, which is only now approaching the age of 40, has developed under a strictly individualistic acquisition program. No other public art institution in America, except occasional ones limited by charter to specified fields, is characterized by such eclecticism. Its initial name, the Museum for Non-Objective Paintings, indicates that it too was originally bound by certain concrete directives, and, let me add, at a time when abstract art was still far from popular in this country. The museum's first director, Baroness Hilla Rebay, was the mentor and close friend of Solomon R. Guggenheim. It was she who helped assemble his private collection, which eventually became the nucleus for the present museum. A painter herself, the Baroness had the good sense to become a Kandinsky fan well before that artist was recognized as a pivotal influence.

THERE WAS A TIME when it was chic to poke fun at the Baroness and, to be sure, with some cause. Readers old enough will still recall her extraordinary installations where gigantic convex frames overwhelmed paintings hung almost at floor level, where heavily tufted carpets impeded motion and gave off electric sparks, where piped-in music enveloped the visitor in toned-down Bach and Mozart. Only incense was missing. Everything seemed muted except the works of art, many of which were authentic trailblazers. Granted there was an appalling overdose of Bauer's imitation Kandinskys and of Hilla Rebay's own synthetic compositions, yet there were also key works by Klee, Léger, and Delaunay, not to mention early masterpieces by Picasso and Chagall. And, above all, there were the Kandinskys, those unforgettable early improvisations along with later, more formally organized canvases, all of which were just beginning to make history.

Like the famous Madame Blavatsky, whose theosophical investigations Kandinsky admired, the Baroness was also a visionary, but in her case it was the immateriality of abstract vision that enthralled her. She was not concerned with



The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

Eiffel Tower *(1910-11) by Robert Delaunay*

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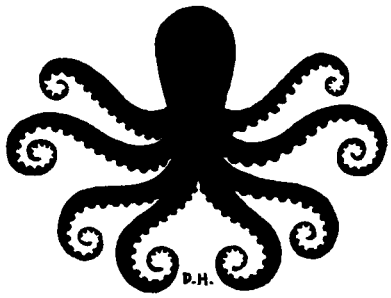
a well-rounded survey of modern art; she was not neatly filling in chronological gaps. Quite the contrary: she was after only what she considered definitive works of transcendent quality and, though at times she failed rather miserably in her choices (usually because of slanted personal involvements), more often she succeeded, not despite but owing to her strong biases. She is a potent reminder that rational intelligence and moderate emotions are rarely the best guides to the understanding of art.

The current exhibition at the Guggenheim includes certain paintings acquired under the leadership of two subsequent directors—James Johnson Sweeney and the present incumbent, Thomas Messer. Yet the group as a whole reflects the indomitable presence of Hilla Rebay, chiefly because many important additions made by the later directors correspond neither to the dates nor to the single medium covered by the first catalog. Of the 250 paintings in this two-volume book, more than 200 were her acquisitions in one way or another, and from the years represented (1880–1945), only seven entries predate 1900, of which four are small works by Seurat, a logical forerunner of Cubism's underlying classicism.

What then does this unique assemblage of sophisticated European paintings tell us about the artists involved and the continuity of the works included? Why, moreover, are there so many pointed omissions? Why no sign of Matisse? Did the Baroness mistake his seductive color for decoration? Did she fail to see that his pared-down structures were more than foils for sensuous arabesques? If she failed, she was not alone. Many of us who accepted Cubism and its aftermath with alacrity foundered on Matisse's more deceptive innovations. Because he retained recognizable content, we were apt to underrate his far-reaching discoveries.

The almost complete absence of Surrealism is another grave lack, but fortunately a few years ago this vacuum was filled by the gift of Peggy Guggenheim's highly personal collection, much of which emphasizes Surrealism. To see it, however, one must travel to Venice, where the paintings and sculpture are installed in a truncated palazzo on the Grand Canal, a milieu that somehow Peggy Guggenheim (a cousin of Solomon) has adapted to the needs of her collection, perhaps through sheer osmosis. Why the Baroness avoided the Freudian offshoots of Surrealism and yet collected the early psychological fantasies of Chagall is a provocative question. The latter's compositions at the Guggenheim—crisp, intense, and interior—put to shame his frequent sugary afterthoughts. Always faithful to her overriding interest, Rebay acquired Chagalls from a period when his paintings were related, even if only captiously, to the dislocations of Cubism. Here is the artist at his incisive best, free of repetitious sentimentality and able to paraphrase the secrets of his Russian-Jewish youth with clairvoyant penetration.

As the present director, Thomas Messer, says, "Matisse and the Fauves are our key gaps in the early 20th century. In all candor, it is uncertain whether we will ever be able to fill these lacks." And, wisely, he is not trying to



turn his institution into a "model" modern museum, but is deliberately bringing it up to date and continuing its specialized European tradition. He is responsible for assembling the most important public collection of Dubuffet in America. Earlier, his predecessor James Johnson Sweeney did the same for Brancusi, with special emphasis on that artist's rare wood carvings. It was also Mr. Sweeney who enlarged the museum's scope by including sculpture. And it was he who introduced a series of paintings by Mondrian, realizing that this artist was a "must" in the Guggenheim's rarefied pantheon of abstract pioneers.

WHAT GIVES the institution special meaning are invaluable concentrations in depth, a fact the present exhibition clearly demonstrates. For example, a large group of paintings by Franz Marc is often considered the finest existent representation of this artist's work from both a qualitative and a historical point of view, many of the canvases having originally been part of the famous Blaue Reiter exhibition in Munich. And Gleizes, who is customarily considered a minor Cubist, emerges here as more than a supporting actor. Twelve canvases in the exhibition, dating from 1912 to 1917, show Gleizes at his best, well before he became a sterile theorist.

The real eye-opener is Delaunay. The Guggenheim's numerous early works by this artist, who is now recognized as a top precursor of Cubism, are little less than spectacular. Relying repeatedly on the same motifs, the Eiffel Tower or the Paris church of St. Séverin, Delaunay projected images that predicted both Cubism and Futurism. As early as 1909–10, he was already manipulating architectural structures from different eye levels, producing mobile transparencies that were to set the stage for an entire series of later abstract achievements by Paris colleagues. New cinematic techniques as well as the restless ferment preceding World War I no doubt contributed to his unorthodox vision.

Yet from start to finish it is the Kandinskys that act as the lifeblood of the exhibition, threading through the other paintings with illuminating insistence. A sensitive installation by Mr. Messer misses no opportunity to interrelate the works and artists on view. Kandinsky, the first to experiment seriously with total nonobjectivity, the first to liberate line and color from any representational role, looms as a figure of epic proportions. His full imprint on our century still awaits complete evaluation, though much has already been written about him. His spontaneous early outbursts of 1913–14 are now accepted as forerunners of Action Painting, but the enigmatic compositions produced in Paris during the Thirties and Forties continue to baffle us. These emblematic, chaste works, in contrast to the geometric Bauhaus ones, are filled with mystifying biomorphic forms, their message evasive, their symbolism inverted. A kind of hermetic silence pervades them, almost as if Kandinsky had deliberately retreated from his youthful impetuosity. Possibly this very privacy is what has delayed the impact of the later works, though nowhere is it more evident than in the recent paintings of Oyvind Fahlstrom. In any case, the definitive analysis of Kandinsky still waits to be written—not another chronological study tracing his stylistic development, but rather a detailed year-by-year exploration of his attitudes toward art and life. His work, more than that of any other 20th-century artist, reflects a carefully reasoned yet supramundane philosophy to which his own writings bear witness. □

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Dance

by Walter Terry

In Russia It's Still Yesterday

Leningrad

The search for the 20th century in the ballets produced in the U.S.S.R. is not an easy mission. Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet (*SR*, April 3, 1976) is celebrating its own bicentennial, but the ballets I have seen on this visit have come from the last century, or echo it. A case in point would be *The Fountain of Bakhschiserai*, a long dramatic ballet from the Thirties that is cast in the Petipa-Tchaikovsky tradition of the 1800s but that is inferior in every way to its predecessors. Balletomanes may recall an old Soviet movie of *Fountain* with Ulanova and Plisetskaya; they would do well to cherish the memory of two great artists and avoid like the plague any current production.

Yuri Grigorovitch, the Bolshoi's principal choreographer, tells me he is at work on a new piece for the anniversary year, and that it is, like his *Ivan the Terrible*, a clear departure from the old formulas. Women's lib should be interested in it, for, he explains, it is the tale of Prince Igor from the woman's viewpoint, focusing upon the women left behind when the warriors set forth for conflict and conquest.

Leningrad, home of the Kirov and the near-hallowed Imperial Maryinsky—which gave Russia, and the world, Petipa, Kchessinskaya, Pavlova, Karsavina, Nijinsky, Balanchine, Fokine, Danilova, and other dance immortals—is a gloriously elegant city. The Kirov Ballet itself, although it is starting to take on something of the Bolshoi's less polished and flashier movement style, retains areas of brilliance and suavity. (All of the most celebrated defectors to Western ballet—Nureyev, Baryshnikov, Makarova among them—have come from here.)

Here, I have seen a student performance of the Petipa-Ivanov-Tchaikovsky *Nutcracker* (amended by later choreographers), and, as always with student affairs, the rewards of the occasion are opportunities to witness promise rather than fulfillment and to guess which dancers will make a mark in the cruelly competitive world of ballet. There were some charming—and some not so good—youngsters here, but I was especially impressed by the little 11-year-old who played Masha (also known in the West as Clara or Marie), the child-heroine whose dreams constitute the wonders of *Nutcracker*.

I was told by Natalia Dudinskaya (principal teacher at the Kirov's associated Vaganova Choreographic Academy and herself one of the great Russian ballerinas of the immediate past) that the child who enacted Masha was Larisa Porfenova. She made me think of a miniature Ulanova—her musicality in movement phrasing was impeccable, she accomplished her simple steps and mime passages with a naturalness that was commendable, yet over all lay the mantle of the true performer. She knew how to take over the stage and, not like a brat but as a star, to keep it.

The senior Kirov I saw in a performance of the old Petipa-Drigo *Le Corsaire*, updated choreographically by Konstantin Sergeyev, the troupe's principal choreographer (and onetime director) and former *premier danseur* of international stature. He and his wife, Mme. Dudinskaya, remain the revered figures of Leningrad's traditional ballet.

For his new production of *Corsaire*, Sergeyev replaced extended mime passages with dances and, in fact, recast roles formerly played by actor-dancers as roles for dancers. The result was satisfactory in principle but not in actual fact at the performances I attended. It was not a first-rate cast, and the man who played the hero, Conrad, though a dancer rather than a mime, was neither youthful nor slim. The heroine, Helena Balyeva (a Dudinskaya-trained ballerina) was strong but, it seemed to me, harsh of movement. I liked better a slightly built, light-footed, lyrical dancer, Tatiana Terehova, who danced a second-act *pas de deux* with a sturdy and skillful Nicolai Covmer, and did it with easy brio. The famous Act 2 *Grand Pas de Deux*—which, as an excerpt, is danced by every bravura ballet duo around the world—found Balyeva more in her milieu (although by no means ideal in the part) with Vadim Budarin (the Slave) as an absolutely clean and assured technician but an oddly detached performer.

I WAS TOLD here in Leningrad that the Ballet of the Maly Theater was more experimental in nature than the Kirov with its ancient traditions—Mme. Dudinskaya had gently reminded me that although the Bolshoi was now two centuries old, the Kirov's antecedents extended back much further—yet, ironically, the production I saw at the Maly was of the world's oldest extant ballet *La Fille Mal Gardée* (1786). The Maly not only presents new pieces on traditional themes but also attempts to ex-

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plore new areas—at least for this area of the dance community—of ballet. Oleg Vinogradov, a choreographer with ambitious plans to make ballet speak for today, told me that his newest work was done barefoot (not a toe shoe in sight) and used freely devised movements not dependent upon the technique of traditional ballet. Unfortunately, this and others of his creations were not on view during my stay.

There is little doubt that Soviet choreographers are desperately eager to bring Russian ballet into this century (Grigorovitch has, perhaps, succeeded in the area of vast ballet spectacle), but because of the government's unwillingness to permit Western choreographers and teachers to work in Moscow and Leningrad (it doesn't seem to relish dance infidels in its balletic Meccas), they must work by trial and error. Russia wants modern ballet and modern dance, but not, apparently, unless it can say, "See? We invented them both." This insular policy spills over into the satellite countries to a degree—I've seen Bolshoi's *Fountains* and *Swan Lakes*, and Bolshoi Ballet performing and teaching styles, in both satellite and non-satellite countries—but in the neighboring nations there is a far greater urgency to develop new aspects of ballet as theater. The rich lore of geographical regions, and of history and legend, is used to create ballets of national character and regional color.

It has been—and is—a fascinating journey that I have been taking in this great nation—a nation that once made it essential to modify the word *ballet* with the adjective *Russian*, a condition which no longer obtains in an era of international ballet accomplishment. The impression is that in the contemporary Soviet Union, pride of accomplishment is centered, for the foreign observer, on past ballet achievements just as sight-seeing is focused upon the great architectural monuments, with their dazzling treasures, of the not-yet-forgotten Imperial past. □

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Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

From Varèse to Monteverdi by Way of Bellini

Only the width of one of New York's narrow crosstown streets separates the Juilliard School from Avery Fisher Hall, in which the New York Philharmonic Orchestra performs, but the artistic chasm between them is ordinarily as wide as the Grand Canyon. The more credit then that the Bicentennial year prompted the Juilliard and the Philharmonic to pool their resources to produce something as uncommon as the recent "Celebration of Contemporary Music" in the Juilliard Theater. The mutual consequences were so stimulating that symphony orchestras in cities with comparable professional schools are urged to develop similar ventures on their own.

How often, for example, do the Philharmonic's players hear one of their dazzling performances of contemporary music under the direction of Pierre Boulez cheered not by a lone voice in a crowd but by a total audience? It must have been as satisfying to the assorted egos of the players and the conductor as it was to Roger Sessions, whose Symphony No. 3 began the week (plus) of concerts. For—a novelty among Philharmonic audiences—everyone was present by choice, not as part of a subscription ritual. The high order of communication thus generated also prevailed in performances of Jacob Druckman's *Lamia* (with Jan DeGaetani as mezzo soloist) and Bruno Maderna's *Quadrivium*, conducted by James Levine. (For comment on the prior performances of these works see *SR*, Nov. 29, 1975, and April 3, 1976.)

Sutherland and Milnes in I Puritani *—"A slow, ecstatic return to sanity."*

A tonal highpoint in the first weekend of the "Celebration" was the first complete hearing in New York of the late Edgard Varèse's final work, titled *Nocturnal*. Four years before Varèse died, in 1965, a preliminary version was heard under the direction of Robert Craft. Subsequently Chou Wen-chung, a disciple of the great innovator, gathered Varèse's revisions and sketches into an extended form of what is essentially a dark ritual It utilizes a text derived (in part) from Anaïs Nin's *House of Incest*, delivered by a chorus (chanting syllables) and a solo soprano (singing words). The intricate solo line, alluding to such mystical symbols as "bread and wafer," "womb and seed and egg," and "crucifixion," may be described as afloat on a sea of sonority lashed into waves by Varèse's typically unbridled use of percussion The high, fluent voice of Christine Radman served Varèse's demands admirably, against a virtuoso rhythmic performance by the Juilliard Theater Orchestra and a chorus trained by Abraham Kaplan, all under the knowing direction of Walter Hendl. He also directed a chamber ensemble in the Webernish *Trobar Clus* (a title derived from medieval troubadours, and descriptive of a rondo) by Barbara Kolb. It is skillfully, expertly done.

A SCORE REMOTE from but curiously compatible with that of Varèse had its first New York performance in the New York State Theater when the New York City Opera offered Claudio Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*. Far less known than that operatic pathbreaker's *Orfeo* or *Coronation of Poppaea*, what Monteverdi wrote in 1640 is akin to *Nocturnal* in its dependence, for the most part, on straightforward, unadorned vibratory matter, almost as barren of harmonic structure as Varèse's creation of more than three centuries later. If this is an example of an art going full circle, it is also the measure of a means that, for all its transformations and mutations, is inherently indestructible.

The scheme of production devised by Ian Strasfogel related sufficiently to airborne goddesses and earthbound gods of 17th-century Venetian opera practices to associate Monteverdi's storytelling of the Ithacan's famous wanderings with the time of its origin. The descents of Minerva are skillfully, and safely, managed in Douglas W. Schmidt's scenery (derived from a prior production by the Washington Opera Society). Best of the performers were Richard Stilwell as Ulisse, Irwin Densen as Il Tempo, Ara Berberian as Nettuno, and a bevy of young mezzos (Hilda Harris as Minerva, Kathleen Hegierski as Melanto, and Sandra Walker as Ericlea) in roles probably first sung by male altos. Only marginally satisfactory was the Penelope of Frederica von Stade, much too young to suggest a woman pining through 20 years' separation from a warrior husband, and too small of sound for Monteverdi's music. More animation than conductor Mario Bernardi provided would have added to the interest of Raymond Leppard's edition of the Monteverdi score.

WHAT MUSIC BECAME at a way point between Monteverdi's chaste reticence and Varèse's barbaric austerity was recalled in a revival of Vincenzo Bellini's *I Puritani* by the Metropolitan Opera, under whose auspices it has not been heard since 1918. The reason for this is related less to the value of the music than to the need for a special kind of soprano (and tenor) to match the qualifications of those for whom Bellini wrote his high-lying intricacies and difficult-to-support, long-breathed melodies.

Like Maria Callas, whose qualifications ignited the revival of interest in Bellini in the Fifties, and Beverly Sills, who emulated her in the City Opera's *Puritani* of a few years ago, Joan Sutherland in her performance of Elvira in the Metropolitan's revival lays stress on one side of a complex role rather than engaging all of its requirements successfully. It was Bellini's challenge to make plausible the plight of a woman who loses her reason when her beloved departs under mysterious circumstances, and who eventually regains it when he returns.

By no means an implausible psychological syndrome, it found, in Callas, a woman who could realize both the rational and the irrational aspects of the role only during the short period of time when her voice was under complete control. As Elvira, Sills was dramatically credible and vocally resourceful, though,

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in neither respect, strong enough to make one feel that one aspect of Bellini's requirements had been wholly fulfilled. This Miss Sutherland does in a manner much to her credit.

Some might interpret this as a reference to the marksmanship with which she repeatedly took dead aim at the many top notes of the part, and unfailingly struck them squarely, to wild cries of acclaim from those who consider themselves vocal connoisseurs. Such achievements do not constitute vocal art; they are merely the raw stuff from which art can be created. Miss Sutherland's real artistry could be found in the delight she conveyed at being allowed to marry the Cavalier of her choice rather than the Puritan her father would have preferred her to marry. Balancing this was her slow, ecstatic return to sanity with the reappearance of the missing Cavalier (who had absented himself from the wedding to guide the widow of his king, Charles I, to safety from her captors). In between, the dramatic nuances were much too broadly stressed.

In Luciano Pavarotti, the Metropolitan production has a Cavalier (Arturo) who has been earning his bread and butter, meat, potatoes, pasta, formaggio—and all the other expensive goodies that have given him his huge girth—by his ability to produce the piercing high notes (up to D) that arouse the beast in an audience. A mountainous man of at least 300 pounds, Pavarotti nevertheless has the instincts of a passionately romantic hero, pouring voice and heart into long, vibrant phrases of a sculptural beauty rarely heard.

The heated response to the vocal feats of Pavarotti and Sutherland hardly made the way easier for others in the cast, but Sherrill Milnes (as the Puritan not prefered by Elvira) and James Morris (as the father who tries to accommodate himself to her wayward moods) earned high credit for professionalism. Morris, a rich-voiced, rising basso of American birth, was a partner wholly equal to Sutherland's fame in their second-act duet, but for my taste the episode he shared with Milnes later in the evening ("Pensa, o figlio!") surpassed all else in artistry.

Richard Bonynge's conducting has its typical merits of taste, refinement, and musical character, though a more driving dramatic impulse would have been welcome. Ming Cho Lee's setting and the direction of Sandro Sequi will be appraised at a later time. □

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The Movies

by Judith Crist

Sherwood Ever After

Time indeed to return to Sherwood Forest—but obviously not with the simplistic Mel Brooksian TV notion that things were really rotten then. Today's rottenness is too much with us, in and out of Shadowland; our romantic yearning for the past can no more be satisfied by cynical retrospection than it can by bland nostalgia. What's needed, of course, is a flight of imagination, a sardonic but temperate glance at history, an awareness not only of the ironies in legendry but also of the hunger in the heart that perpetuates the legend. And these are what *Robin and Marian* provides, in a worldly, wise, and witty response to our eternal wonderment about *how* our heroes lived ever after, happily or not.

Well, settle down to a story as satisfying as any that came before, and far, far richer in nuance, detail, and pertinence, thanks to two masters of the genre —screenwriter James Goldman (*The Lion in Winter*) and director Richard Lester (*The Three Musketeers* and *The Four Musketeers*). Both know the blend of anachronism and actuality that puts vitality into the past and resurrects the figures in long-ago landscapes; both sense the starkness of the realism underlying the romantic adventure, the frailty of heroes who have human instincts, the fullness of living that obliterates our historic awareness of the transience of life.

Robin, with the faithful Little John, Goldman tells us, went off with King Richard to the Crusades ("Giving pennies to the poor seemed a small thing compared to rescuing the Holy Land") for 20 years of wandering and battles until Richard's death after a minor skirmish in France. Middle-aged, scarred, and with small illusions, the two return to England, to Sherwood Forest, where the last of the merrie men, Friar Tuck and Will Scarlett, are barely making ends meet—"I take confessions and he takes the horses," Tuck confides—singing ballads and telling tales of Robin's adventures. King John is as vile as he was when a princeling; Robin's old enemy, the Sheriff of Nottingham, is still in control; taxes and oppression are still rampant. And what of Maid Marian? "A lovely girl—I hadn't thought of her in years," Robin notes. She has been an abbess for 18 years, and now faces exile in John's feud with the Pope. "If ever there's a time for us," says Will, "it's now."

And off we go on high adventure, with a maiden to be rescued, the sheriff's men to be outwitted, walls to be scaled, and pursuers outraced—and an old love to be rekindled. It is, as Robin's foes discover, impossible to fight a legend—even in his own time; the hero makes his choices and meets his destiny. "I know him," the sheriff remarks. "He's a little bit in love with death. He flirts, he teases —I can wait."

These are lions in autumn: Sean Connery's Robin, not glibly articulate, aware of waste and suffering, but slow to settle for the glory day that makes a life; Nicol Williamson's Little John, not blind to realities but merely without choice in his loyalty; Richard Harris's Richard, cruel and curt and crafty; Robert Shaw's sheriff, shrewd, patient, cognizant of his foeman's worth. And Audrey Hepburn's Marian—as lovely as ever with the seasoning of years, her eyes a testament to passion preserved, soft enough to dream of life in Sherwood (but now thinking of a two-room bower, of a bed with blankets, something on the floor, a chest for clothing), and hard enough to give a legend eternal life.

This is, in fact, what this immaculate production accomplishes, with subtle underlining from John Barry's score. And it is a legend in itself, of heroes who grow old in flesh but not in spirit, who can still have a glory day. Lions in autumn—with all its crispness and glow.

Sean and Audrey—"Heroes who grow old in flesh but not in spirit."

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In contrast, Adrian Mitchell's *Man Friday* manages to do in Robinson Crusoe. For your sake and that of the children, keep an eye out for a revival of Luis Buñuel's superb 1952 *Robinson Crusoe*, which sticks close to the Defoe text. This new version was, like Buñuel's, made in Mexico; there the similarity ends. Mitchell has chosen to turn Defoe's marvelous tale into a presumptuous and pretentious Third World primer, with Peter O'Toole the pompous product of a false-value civilization and Richard Roundtree the noble savage who attempts to teach his master the true values of ignorance and simple-mindedness. O'Toole, a dandy Crusoe until the plot mucks him up, and Roundtree, as dopey a Friday as farce could manufacture, seem embarrassed by the whole thing—or maybe that's wishful thinking. Mitchell and director Jack Gold do manage to make a classic story boring: that, after all, is no simple accomplishment.

The "legendary" W. C. Fields has been preserved on film by way of the 37 shorts and features he made before his death in December 1946, offering us not only his unique talents as juggler, comedian, and actor but also the persona in-

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herent in his scripts and in his performances. Since his death any number of books have been written about his private life, which was, in large part, as eccentric, irascible, and enigmatic as his art would lead one to believe, and over the years, as new generations have encountered that art, his stature has grown. But Hollywood, of course, can't miss a main chance at exploitation, let alone at diminution—as *W. C. Fields and Me*, produced by Jay Weston, demonstrates.

The screenplay by Bob Merrill, a Broadway lyricist who turned to screenwriting as co-author of *Mahogany*, is based on the 1971 book of the same title by Carlotta Monti and Cy Rice. From her memories and "notes," Monti told about the 14 years she lived with Fields as his mistress and general factotum. For the movie, either her memory or her function as "consultant to the producer" has caused a change of viewpoint and plot. The result is a silly story of an exquisite creature cheated out of her own career by a vile alcoholic who did old W. C. Fields routines at home and occasionally on screen, who really loved her but was just too bigoted and macho and generally obnoxious to legalize her name.

These changes were apparently made to accommodate lovely Valerie Perrine in the role of Carlotta and provide a co-star for Rod Steiger, who presumably has kept many a cocktail-party backwash in stitches with his Fields impersonation. On screen it comes out as wearying second-hand Rich Little or potato-chip commercial—particularly since Steiger's make-up, of the death-mask-and-Pancake variety, makes him look like Van Johnson decked out with a clown nose. In between snippets of routines, Steiger boozes it up with the boys (Jack Cassidy the most boyish of them all as a blond John Barrymore in plump youthful glow), goes through dour romantic maneuvers with Perrine and sentimental moments with midget Billy Barty, and bellows—with a familiar Steiger bellow every so often underscoring the artifice of the impersonation. It's a dismal concoction, moving at snail's pace under Arthur Hiller's direction, with small regard for the facts of Fields's career (typically, there is no mention whatsoever of radio) and less for his true accomplishments. The point of the fiction is impossible to guess. The real article is available—and unbeatable.

The Bad News Bears is unbeatable as all-around satisfying entertainment, replete with the "something more" that gives light comedy its tang. Written by Bill Lancaster, son of Burt, in his writing debut, this Michael Ritchie film goes to the heart of the matter of children's competitive play. And, like other Ritchie films concerned with competition—*Downhill Racer*, *The Candidate*, *Smile*—this one probes the great American mythology about the playing rather than the winning.

The story is simple, that of a Little League bottom-of-the-barrel team and their feckless beer-guzzling coach, hired (sub-rosa, of course) to put them into some kind of shape for civic virtue's sake. The Bears are a mess, as kids and as players; their coach is a mess, as man and father figure. Need one say more than that he's played by Walter Matthau? He can barely manage to stay half sober and promote uniforms for them ("Chico's Bail Bonds—Let Freedom Ring," their backs proclaim) before they're trounced 26-0—with the game having to be called for mercy. And only after he throws in the towel does he indeed realize that these kids want to play baseball, win or lose.

What wanting to win means to children and what it means to adults is the Ritchie-Lancaster thesis, and an engrossing one it becomes, while Matthau builds the team with two more misfits—Tatum O'Neal as a whiz pitcher, Jackie Earle Haley as an all-around player; the kids gain spirit and confidence, if not magical skill; the Bears climb up the competitive ladder; and the big game approaches. We stick to the ball field and the grandstands for the most part, and we see, with a remarkable subtlety as the suspense builds amid laughter and slapstick, adults and children arriving at some unsavory and some very rewarding truths about themselves.

Matthau, going beyond even his Oscar Madison in *The Odd Couple* to make an uncouth and very human slob out of his coach Morris Buttermaker, is at his best as he lets intimations of decency creep into his shrewd boozer's squint and a touch of sentiment leaven his scowl. The kids are first-rate, with scrappy Chris Barnes, near-catatonic Quinn Smith, and every other Bear outstanding. Joyce Van Patten is fine as a tough league lady, and Vic Morrow is very good as a coach who has all the proper patter down too pat. And if we discover that it *is* how you play and not the winning that matters—well, hell: time somebody reminded us. □

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Theater

by Henry Hewes

To "Disneyland" and Back

The Vietnam War is over, but in the theater its repercussions are still heard. Indeed, Vietnam has evoked what is probably the best new play of the season: David Rabe's *Streamers*, recently transferred from New Haven's Long Wharf Theater to Lincoln Center's Mitzi Newhouse. *Streamers* takes place in 1965 at an army camp where a group of soldiers are waiting to be shipped to Vietnam. In this limbo between basic training and jungle combat, tensions simmer under an unnatural life-as-usual surface. The bloodshed that lies inexorably ahead is thousands of miles away, but the anticipatory fear is already palpable. David Rabe's new play masterfully brings future and present together within the confines of one barracks room.

In this room live three men who, as the play begins, have made a considerable degree of adjustment to the sexual and racial differences in each other's personalities. One of them, Richie, claims to be homosexual and keeps making cutely comic advances to his roommate, Billy. Billy claims to be revolted by Richie's homosexuality, although the play hints that Billy's professed disgust may hide his own capacity for bisexuality. And the third soldier, Roger, is a well-adjusted black man who doesn't go in for "fag stuff," but who can ignore that aspect of Richie's behavior. Roger is acutely aware of the differences between the white and black worlds, yet he is able to overlook the differences and appreciate his pallid roommates' good qualities.

As the play progresses, their détente is disturbed by another black soldier, Carlyle. Carlyle is a confused, unhappy ghetto animal caught in a bad scene. He tells Roger, "This whole Vietnam—*thing* —I do not dig it . . . it ain't our war no how, because it ain't our country and that's what burns my ass . . . that and everybody just sittin' and takin' it . . . everybody here maybe one week from shippin' out to get blown clean away and man, whata they doin'? They doin' what they told. Well that ain't for me; I'm gettin' out where it's sweet and the peoples livin'."

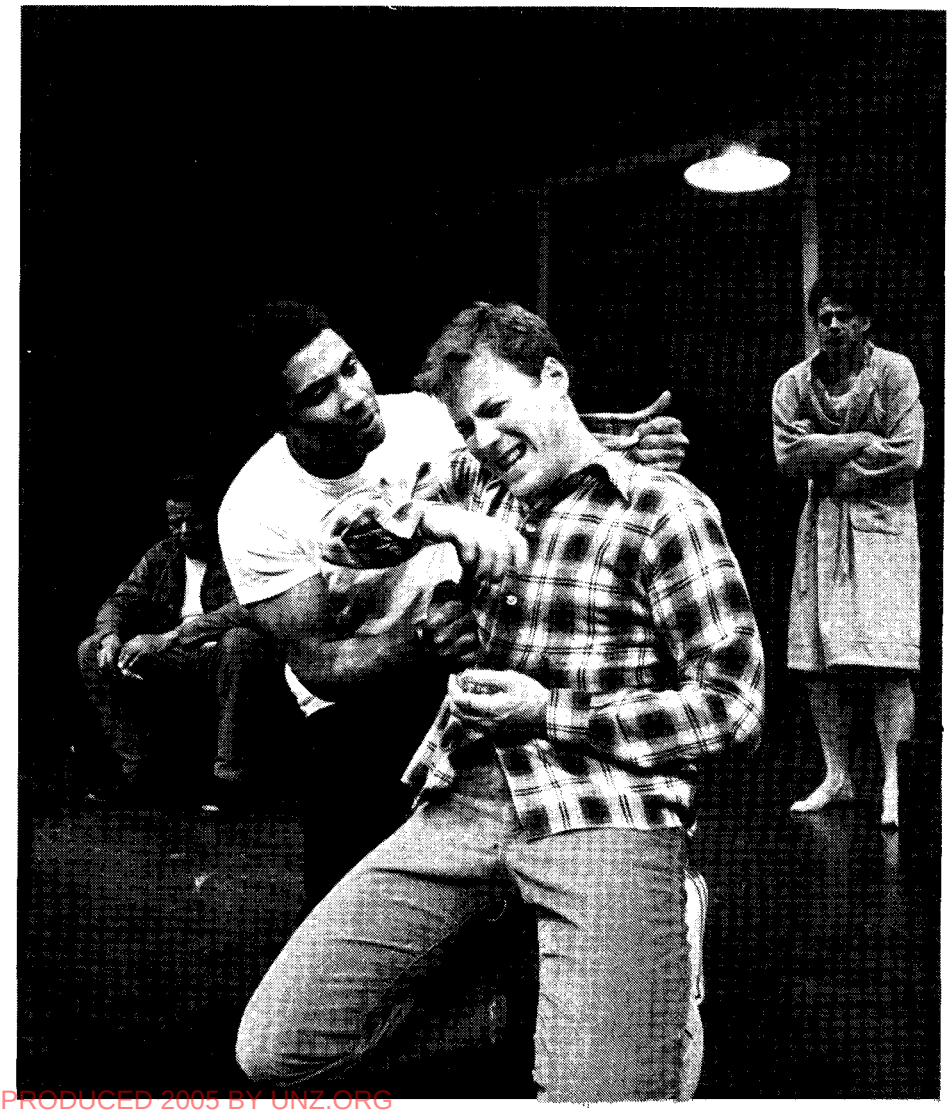
Carlyle does get out, but not in the way he intended. Under the influence of liquor and lust, he forces the situation between Richie and Billy out into the open —and the consequences are tragic and bloody. Many in the audience may find the unpleasant combination of overt homosexual activity and gory violence too strong to take. Yet these manifestations are essential to the fabric of the most beautiful play that Rabe has yet written.

Also contributing to the richness of *Streamers* is an incident that foreshadows the violence to come. A maladjusted soldier cuts his wrists to buy with blood the psychiatric discharge that will permit him to escape the horror of fighting in Vietnam. That horror is later brought into the play by a grizzly old sergeant, who drunkenly sings "Beautiful Streamer, Open for Me"—a song used by combat parachutists when they fall through the air and their chutes don't open. It marvelously symbolizes the unreality of an experience the soldiers refer to as "Disneyland."

Streamers has been staged unevasively by Mike Nichols, and Joe Fields as Carlyle is unforgettable. For those strong enough to endure the experience, here is a poetic and profound descent into the chasm between joking indifference and violent reality.

IN TOM COLE'S *Medal of Honor Rag*, the protagonist is the victim of having survived the violent reality of Vietnam only to return to a world in which he can find no real place. Cole's short play—now at Off-Broadway's Theater De Lys, after successful productions by the Theater Company of Boston and Washing-

Streamers—*"Tensions simmer under an unnatural life-as-usual surface."*
Martha Swope



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ton's Folger Library Theater—follows the formula of *Equus*: a psychiatrist provoking confessions from an unwilling subject, with moments of comic relief deftly interspersed. But it also pinpoints a significant paradox: in peacetime our young men are urged not to murder or even to answer insults with retaliatory physical action, but in wartime it is exactly the opposite. Thus when a black sergeant in Vietnam has a fit of violence in which he wildly kills a number of enemy soldiers, he is considered a hero, and is awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. But the medal only increases the distance between the peacetime and wartime realities and pushes the sergeant into psychotic depression, and ultimately into a suicidal grocery-store hold-up.

Although Cole has based his play on a true story, he has fictionalized the factors that presumably led to the sergeant's fatal final act. Its tentativeness makes *Medal of Honor Rag* a smaller and less poetic play than *Streamers*, but it is nevertheless a taut and significant theater piece.

A THIRD PLAY, produced earlier this year at the Mitzi Newhouse, called *The Shortchanged Review*, also features a returning Vietnam veteran who cannot adjust to life-as-usual America. His frustration and anger lead him into shooting the draft-evading leader of a rock group. And playwright Michael Dorn Moody has so plotted his complicated drama that this act blows apart the uneasy alliances that have been holding the veteran's family together.

Moody's target is not the Vietnam War, but contemporary American life, in which most people end up "shortchanged." His principal character is the veteran's father, Nicky Shannigan, a blarney-blighted "boyo" seeking a public anti-Establishment integrity as the operator of a tell-it-like-it-is radio station. Shannigan's downfall is set in motion when he borrows his son's inheritance money to finance a rock group. The boy who did his patriotic duty is thus shortchanged to support another boy who dodged that duty.

Unfortunately, the playwright has so complicated his play with conflicting emotions, psychological hang-ups, and gusts of windy language that the drama is dissipated. Nevertheless, like Rabe and Cole, Moody has made an honest attempt to find truth and portent in what Vietnam has only just begun to reveal to us about ourselves. □

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Television

by Karl E. Meyer

The Sunday Screen

Sunday is a day of surprises on television, some of them pleasant. Besides such daytime fixtures as "Meet the Press" and "Face the Nation," there is admirable cultural programming awaiting the adventurous explorer who can navigate between the Bugs Bunny reruns and talk shows on religious subjects. Hidden deep in this dark continent are veins of gold, most notably two long-running CBS shows, "Lamp Unto My Feet" and "Camera Three."

"Lamp" has a misleading title, with its overtone of preachiness. In fact, its spiritual net is cast so wide that even heathens can find nourishment in its fare—the other week, for example, at its usual 10 A.M. time, the program brightened the morning with a conversation between Paul Roche, a witty English poet, and Milt Kamen, a Brooklyn-born comic. Between Kamen's one-liners and Roche's epigrammatic verse, there was deft backchat about Judaism and Catholicism in which civilization was the gainer.

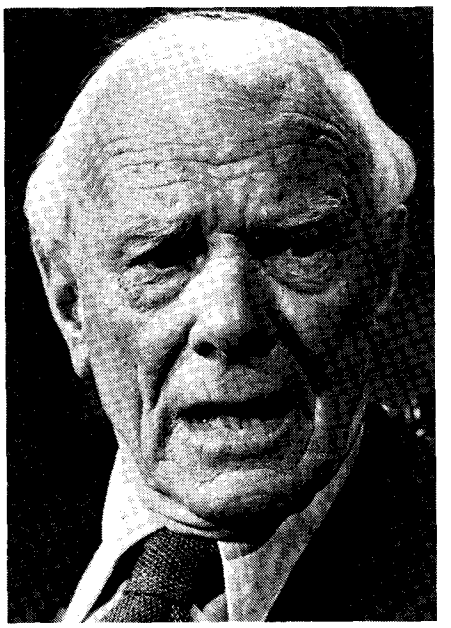
More unpredictable is "Camera Three," which recently broadcast an excellent low-budget "celebration" of Noel Coward in two half-hour segments uninterrupted by commercials (miracles are still possible on television). Excerpts from Coward's plays, a bouquet of songs, and a selection of jaunty wisecracks were skillfully interwoven by an Anglo-American cast including the versatile Jean Marsh, better known as Rose on "Upstairs, Downstairs." We get all this on Sunday, dreary Sunday, plus Leonard Bernstein's under-praised lecture series at Harvard (on, of course, public television).

What proved most disappointing, during my Sunday explorations, was the straight religious programs. To call them ecumenically soporific is almost too kind—if God is not dead, small thanks go to religious programming. I can understand the problem. These are troubled waters, and most stations do not wish to give offense. Thus, in an interview I saw with a female rabbi, a question came up about the deep patriarchal bias in Judaism, but the matter was raised almost apologetically, and softly dropped.

Yet I suspect that fears of *odium theologicum* are not wholly responsible for the tedious blandness of religious programming. I detect in addition the familiar television assumption that we are not only children of God, but also just children.

Too often, we get Bible stories and sermons addressed to the already-converted, which ignore the deeper agonies of faith. We get, in effect, the tale of Jonah with the whale left out, or the Sermon on the Mount with the "difficult" passages smoothly glossed over. It may be enough to earn credits with the FCC, but will not impress Higher Authority.

This Easter, however, we can again be grateful to public television for enriching the schedule. Beginning on March 28, non-commercial stations carried the first of six one-hour programs broadcast at 4 P.M. Eastern time in a series entitled "A Third Testament," as conceived by Malcolm Muggeridge. As before, commercial networks have passed up a superior import—the series was produced by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and Société Radio Canada, in collaboration with Time-Life Television.



Malcolm Muggeridge—"A secular monk with a wayward eye."

Mr. Muggeridge is *sui generis*, a secular monk with a wayward eye. Once a pro-Communist, he changed his view after being in Moscow in the Thirties as a correspondent for a British newspaper; he then became a derider of all Establishments until the mid-Sixties, when he turned to Jerusalem, bearing witness to Christian truths in his own unpredictable manner.

I found it interesting that Mr. Muggeridge's first subject was St. Augustine, also a man of words whose life was transformed by conversion. But only the first of Muggeridge's "six characters in search of God" is conventional. The others are the philosopher Blaise Pascal, the poet William Blake, the Danish proto-existentialist Sören Kierkegaard, the novelist Leo Tolstoy, and the German Lutheran pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer (who was executed by the Nazis for conspiring against Hitler).

The series uses the now-familiar technique of location filming in the places associated with the subject. But the elegance and precision of Mr. Muggeridge's prose serves as an electric shock, vivifying pictures with words. Of St. Augustine he says: "Like Noah, he constructed an ark—an ark called orthodoxy." Of Blake: "He rarely cast his eyes upon earthly scenes and objects. For this reason, he was considered mad, and would today be handed over to psychiatrists and be drugged into a state of inertia." Of Kierkegaard: "One of the oddest prophets ever . . . a kind of clippity-clop, ribald Hamlet, who was insistent that the only way out of these gathering clouds of fantasy was to climb doggedly upwards to be on a rocky peak above them, where God dwells." Of Tolstoy: "After more than half a century of authoritarian government bent on extirpating the Christian religion and all its work, Christ is alive in the U.S.S.R. as nowhere else. For this, the words of Tolstoy are largely responsible; Solzhenitsyn stands on his shoulders."

As an ironist, Mr. Muggeridge must have reflected on the essential futility of trying to translate the unviewable and the inexpressible into the "production values" required for the most literal-minded of all media. However fresh his phrases, they are as ephemeral as snowflakes in a tube where imagery is all. Yet the effort was worth making, if only because "A Third Testament" may induce some viewers to look again at the writings of some of the wisest of men in our Western tradition.

In any event, Mr. Muggeridge is disturbing the doldrums of religious broadcasting; may the Good Lord (and the FCC) bless him. □

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Fresh Faces and First Encounters

Instrumental

Brahms: Symphony No. 1 (RCA). Of the now-numerous recordings I have heard under the direction of James Levine, this is by far the most satisfactory. His conception of the work has Brahmsian spaciousness and breadth, his control of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra is sure-handed, and he neither drives it nor mars the beauty of sound of which the work is capable in the slow movement. All in all, this recording suggests (as did his recent engagement with the New York Philharmonic) that Levine's true bent is for the orchestral (rather than the operatic) literature, and his heart is grounded firmly in its center.

Dvorák: Slavonic Dances, Opus 72; Mein Heim Overture (DG). The "fresh face" here is the morning glow of sound Rafael Kubelik puts on the dances for whose interpretation he has been famous since his days with the Chicago Symphony (a version second only to the famous one by Václav Talich and the Czech Philharmonic). The "first encounter" is with the overture, written in 1882 to precede a play on a patriotic theme, which utilizes two folk songs for an engaging outcome, one that is thoroughly exploited by Kubelik and the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra.

Henze: Compases Para Preguntas Ensimismadas; Violin Concerto No. 2 (Decca). Any unfamiliar work of Hans Werner Henze is worth at least one hearing: it may turn out to be another *El Cimarron*, rather than another Concerto for Double Bass. Here the merits are split right down the middle: the *Compases* (whose full meaning is nowhere defined) is an absorbing monologue for solo viola, with observations, interjections, and comments by a chamber ensemble of 22; the Violin Concerto is an exercise in mockery, with the solo violin surrounded by a sung and recited setting of Hans Magnus Enzensberger's "Hommage à Gödel." For Henze to call it a violin concerto is akin to Schoenberg having called *Pierrot Lunaire* a piano concerto (which he didn't). Henze conducts the London Sinfonietta with Hirofumi Fukai as viola soloist in *Compases* and Brenton Langbein as the "assisting artist" in the Violin Concerto.

Khachaturian: Concerto for Flute and Orchestra (Odyssey). If the beginning of this work (and all the rest of it) arouses memories of the composer's popular violin concerto, there is good reason. It is his response to the invitation of France's premiere flutist, Jean-Pierre Rampal, to write a concerto for him; Rampal was, instead, offered an adaptation of the violin concerto, which has been in circulation since the early Forties. Rampal does everything but play double stops (those were excised by the composer), but his dazzling facility doesn't include the ability to produce sufficient sound on the flute to cut through the heavy instrumentation, which remains unchanged. Momentarily, one expects the concertmaster of the ORTF (French Radio) orchestra conducted by the late Jean Martinon to get up and join in with the violin part, but he refrains.

The Great Verdi Ballets (London). Though *Don Carlos*, *Otello*, and, as of recent years, *I Vespri Siciliani* may be rated as operas now familiar to American audiences, the ballet music they contain (eliminated from most productions) remains, in the main, unfamiliar. All of it is encountered here in the high style of Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra. The results are always diverting, if uniformly on a lower musical level than the works in which they have a part. One interesting detail does clarify the reason for Eboli appearing in the guise of Queen Elisabeth when she encountered Don Carlos in the gardens of the palace at Madrid. She had been deputizing for her queen (who had decided to skip the ballet) and took advantage of the disguise to arrange an assignation with Carlos.

Opera

Wagner: The Rheingold (Angel). This version in English of what the composer called the "prologue" to the *Nibelungen Ring* is not as successful as the companion recording of *Siegfried* that appeared something more than a year ago. In it, the outstanding Siegfried of Albert Remedios was a focal point for the small number of principals in the cast, most of them good. Here the Wotan is again Norman Bailey, but the ensemble needs of *Rheingold* (Rhinemaidens, Nibelungen workers, giants, gods) are greater, which leads to a wider span between best and least good. In addition, the utilization of taped excerpts from four performances by the English National Opera company in the London Coliseum gives the requirements of staged opera precedence over the home listener, with the Rhinemaidens, for example, floating in and out of microphone range. Thanks to Bailey, Derek Hammond Stroud (Alberich), Clifford Grant (Fafner), Katherine Pring (Fricka), and less so Emile Belcourt (Loge), the conducting of Reginald Goodall carries forward, creditably, the unfolding plan for a complete recording of Andrew Porter's excellent translation.

Purgatory (Argo). Gordon Crosse's musical treatment of William Butler Yeats's one-act play is less an opera in any ordinary sense than a restatement, with fluctuating vocal line and instrumental interjections, of the original text. As such, Crosse (an English composer now in his 40s) has evolved an aural network that comments on the situations and emotions Yeats's words embody. Peter Bodenham and Glenville Hargreaves have the principal parts in an atmospheric performance conducted by Michael Lankester.

Vocal

Classical Barbra (Columbia). Whatever marginal abilities Miss Streisand might possess to deal, in her own restricted way, with the requirements of Debussy ("Beau Soir"), Hugo Wolf ("Verschwiegene Liebe"), Fauré ("Après un Rêve"), Schumann ("Mondnacht"), and similar art songs by others have been compromised and undercut by overlush orchestrations (Claus Ogerman). In addition, the audio presentation sounds as though the recording were made in Kentucky's Mammoth Cave. Not a bad idea, perhaps, but not for this project. It will, in all probability, make money nevertheless, if only from sales to vocal students eager to demonstrate how much better they are at "classics" than Barbra is.

Miscellaneous

Pink Floyd: Wish You Were Here (Columbia). As a qualified "middle-ground" organization (which means head above ground, feet planted firmly underground) Pink Floyd has won an enviable reputation for exploiting the resources and opportunities of the disc. Here the players devote much of Side I to parts I–V of "Shine on You Crazy Diamond" and then, after several shorter items, return to the alluring fantasies of "SOYCD" for parts VI–IX. Of special effect are the saxophone of Dick Parry and the vocal by Roy Harper in "Have a Cigar."

Cleo Laine: Born on a Friday (RCA). According to a listing of personnel, approximately 40 instrumentalists took part in the making of this record directed by John Dankworth, Miss Laine's orchestrator and husband. They must have shifted from track to track, for most of Miss Laine's solos are sung with small ensembles. That is just as well, for she is a much more persuasive singer in such quieter songs as "Colors Ran," "Sunday," or "Do You Really Want Him" than in "Come Back to Me," with the band in full cry and Miss Laine a thin, despairing sound somewhere among it.

IRVING KOLODIN

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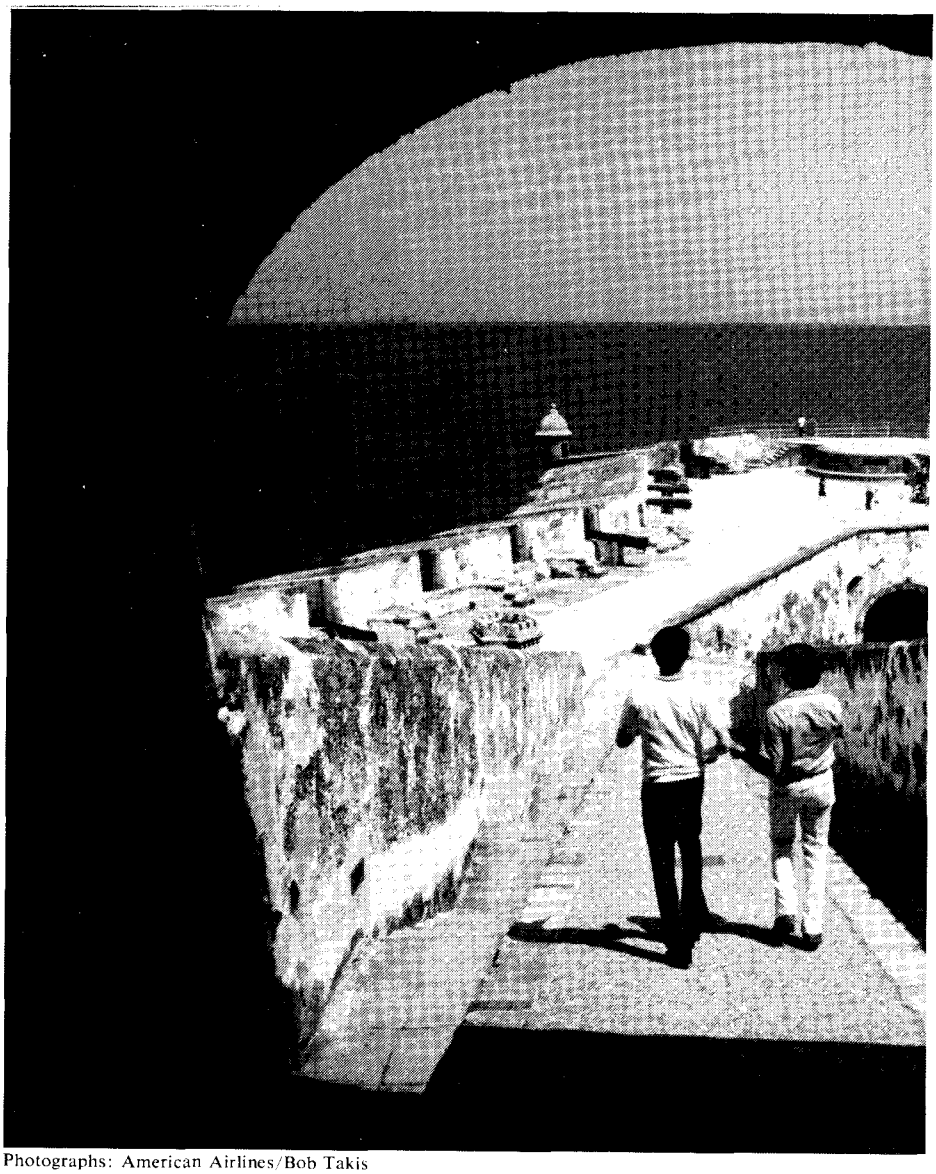
Rum, Roulette, and Resurrection

by Horace Sutton



Photographs: American Airlines/Bob Takis

The ramparts at El Morro—At the Caribe, $250-a-day suites with silver wallpap

The eclipse which has kept Puerto Rico in the shade and which, to some on that sunny isle, appears to have lasted longer than an arctic winter, seems to have evanesced like a dream upon waking. During holiday weeks, it has often been difficult to find a first-class hotel room in San Juan, even at $60 a night for bed and bath and nothing else except, perhaps, a sniff of Atlantic air, a ray of sun, and a chance to leave next month's rent in the gaming parlor.

Pan American, which pioneered the route here, has abandoned its service from New York, leaving the spoils—if such there were—to American Airlines, a newcomer to the Caribbean, and to Eastern Airlines. On two flights, down and back the other week, the bleachers in Eastern's Tri-Star, which resemble nothing so much as a flying tier unhinged from Yankee Stadium, were virtually a sellout. The corps of flight attendants—calling them stewardesses now is as much a gaffe as referring to a female as a lady—seemed to be well-conditioned to the crowds, handling the trays of prefabricated meat loaf and vulcanized coconut pudding without a flap.

Crowds swept like combers through the Caribe Hilton, now in its 27th year. It was the hotel that launched Hilton's international string and the bellwether of Operation Bootstrap, which, after the war, pulled Puerto Rico out of the dismal swamp of its poverty. The Caribe's appearance on a 17-acre patch of soil alongside the Atlantic marked the beginning of Puerto Rico's tourism, an industrial concept that had been waved off by the island's hotel-keepers and by other U.S. hotel interests. Conrad Hilton accepted the challenge by letter in Spanish.

Now, after nearly three decades, the Caribe has endured its original success, survived its growth, and lived through the recent days when San Juan let prosperity turn its head and was beset by a wave of greedy operators, ugly unionism, overbooking, and unpleasant employee attitudes. The public quickly found other, more friendly sanctuaries, equally sunny. A number of San Juan's best hotels closed, and the union membership fell on hard times.

It is a popular assessment now to credit Puerto Rico's resurrection to the Jewish boycott of Mexico. Perhaps, but why Puerto Rico? Surely, Jamaica, going through its own spate of hotel closings, strained native and visitor relations, as well as political and social problems, has not been a beneficiary.

The new crowd that bustled through the corridors of the Caribe the other week compensated in numbers for what it might have lacked in gentility. It was not an assemblage to be confused with a gala night at the Poinciana Club in Palm Beach. Yet, if one wanted to dine in the Rotisserie at about $7.50 to $12 per person, it was necessary to make reservations for an early evening hour. On a midweek night, the Club Caribe, with dinner and show ($10 cover charge, $13.25 to $18 dinner), was packed except for a few tables in the outback.

On *jíbaro* night, the regular weekly conclave featuring the curious customs of the natives, a sellout crowd (at $11.75 a head) had convened to dine on fried plantains; a crispy cod fritter called *bacalaito*; meat pies known as *empanadillas*; roast pork; and ground yucca, yams, potatoes, and plantains, ground into a paste and steamed in a banana leaf. That eastern luau out of the way, guests watched a pair of cocks peck at each other without benefit of sharpened spurs and then watched each other try to bend under the limbo bar, an exercise borrowed from the natives of Trinidad.

The economy may have put a crimp in the travel plans of some, but the Caribe was having little trouble unloading its $250-a-day duplex suites on the 20th floor of its new tower. At a little bit more than $10 an hour (24-hour minimum), any sport who spoke up in

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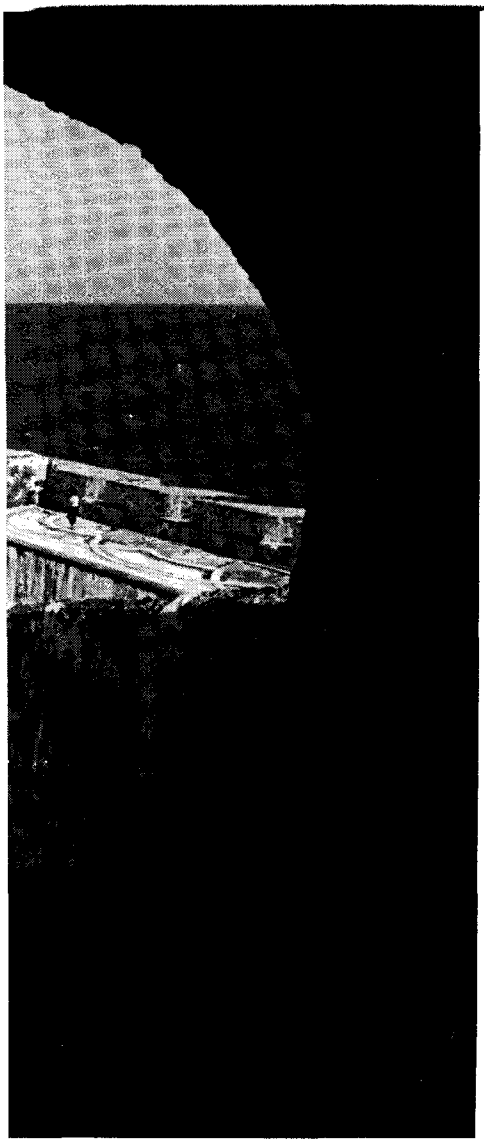

nd a hammock on the 21st-floor terrace.

time could lease a pad equipped with blue carpets, red-and-white walls, a marble-topped bar, a bedroom with white-and-silver wallpaper, a hammock on the 21st-floor terrace, and a shower that opens on a private sundeck for skinny tanning.

Along Condado, where the hotels have gone through more reincarnations than Vishnu, one needs a scorecard to keep up with the corporate play. The newly dusted-off Holiday Inn was once the San Geronimo Hilton. The old Condado Beach Hotel, once the social vortex of San Juan, and the neighboring La Concha, which arrived like a spangled whiff of Miami Beach, have both been taken over by Hyatt hotels. In between the two, Hyatt will operate the new convention center, which the government has built to ensure San Juan's visitor future. Aside from its giant salon, where 4,500 can congregate at one time, the center has a nightclub, cafeteria, Puerto Rican restaurant, Las Vegas-style lounge, a strip of shops, and the inevitable casino.

Under Hyatt, the Condado has adopted a quiet, refined, and rather Puerto Rican mien. If it has a drawback, it is that it has no beach, the guests being required to cross the convention center to use the sands at La Concha. A refurbished room in the Condado now costs $59 a night, plus $1 for a nettling "energy surcharge," a per-person impost that is imposed regardless of the amount of energy one expends while on the premises.

If that seems startling or niggling, some San Juan hotels, the Caribe and the Racquet Club among them, extract 50 cents for each local call. The Caribe also adds a 30 percent surcharge on overseas calls. The attitude is catching. The new Rio Mar, a Hyatt resort up-country, has posted a notice by its pool, warning guests that they will be charged $10 for every bath towel not returned.

Those ukases are not altogether guaranteed to win the hearts of the gold-bearing invaders who have returned to Puerto Rico's shores. On the other hand, not once in a week did I trip over any nationalists, separatists, or Castro-primed revolutionaries, or, for that matter, any disgruntled islanders working in service industries.

Aside from a certain shabbiness that has fallen on El Convento, the hotel that was fashioned out of a convent, old San Juan seems to have taken on new character. Seven square blocks jutting out to form the entrance of the harbor comprise the original city, the oldest under the American flag, and the second oldest in the hemisphere after Santo Domingo. If the arches hold out in the unrelenting heat, one can walk under the vine-entangled balconies, treading over the blue paving stones, which are not stone at all but iron slag cast in Spain and loaded as ballast in the holds of the galleons. Set astride the Spanish main, Puerto Rico was the pivotal port for ships coming from South America to be reloaded and refitted before setting off with their treasure bound for the coffers of Castile.

The first stronghold was Casa Blanca, little more than a house, albeit an elegant one, built for the heirs of Ponce de León, the governor having decamped to Florida in search of the fountain of youth. He found only unfriendly Indians, to whose hostility he succumbed. The house on the heights above the sea, built first of wood, burned in 1521, soon after it was built. But a second structure took on the strength of masonry and stone with a fortress added to it.

For two and a half centuries Casa Blanca was the home of Ponce de León's descendants, but it passed to other warriors. It was, until 1967, the home of the U.S. naval commander. Finally, in 1974, restored to 16th-century style, it opened for visitations.

True, the furnishings are not original, but they do serve to represent what the house of a 16th-century grandee might have looked like. There is the inevitable *bagueño*, a desk with doors and drawers for documents and, amid them, the statue of a saint, whose holy presence was meant to ward off the depredations of thieves. On a wall hangs a drawing by Juan Ponce de León, made in 1587, a top elevation of the city of San Juan. Underfoot, a trapdoor leads to an escape hatch, which, so it is said, provided access to La Fortaleza, a fortress in the inner harbor, now the home of the governor, and to El Morro, the linchpin of a network of forts and walls begun in 1539. The protective circle was to take 350 years to complete. The building of the defense battlements stopped with the Spanish-American War, but by then the list of invaders was long and impressive—Sir Francis Drake, the Earl of Cumberland, the Dutch in 1625, and the American Admiral Sampson, whose flotilla bombarded the forts in 1898. A sound-and-light performance dramatizing these events opened at Fort San Cristóbal this spring.

FAR MORE DELICATE than the battlements and more intriguing are the step streets built to provide passage where the going was steep, the pastel-tinted houses, the benches under the trees, and the lovely Dominican convent that the friars started in 1523. Puerto Rican monasteries closed in 1838, and the Dominicans departed, leaving it for the American military, which used it as an army headquarters until 1966, when the Antilles Command was deactivated. Gentler days have returned to the convent: it is the headquarters of the Institute of Puerto Rican Culture.

The cruise boats that pay calls on San Juan now deposit battalions of tourists in Old San Juan, where they crowd the shops and course like a spring flood through the ancient arcaded galleries, as outlandish in their raiment as the earliest marauding Caribs. No islander seeks

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Old San Juan—"As outlandish in their raiment as the earliest Caribs."

shelter from them as did the women and children who hid in the cells of the convent 400 years ago, but gazing on these intruders who have breached the gates of the old city has caused some who have contemplated the scene to adopt a more sympathetic view of Puerto Rican separatism.

I walked down the crowded streets at noon to have lunch Puerto Rican style with a Puerto Rican friend in the mannered confines of La Fonda del Callejón. Then we strolled together down to the docks, where the giant cruise ships waited while their passengers cavorted on shore. Twice a week a costumed Puerto Rican troupe gathers in the little plaza to strum the *cuatro*, the eight-string island guitar, and to dance the *plena*. It is part of a program devised to tell visitors that a real Puerto Rican culture exists under the patina of the casinos and the lacquered hotels. Occasionally, this noble pursuit becomes entangled with the real life of the city. The plaza is across the street from the federal courthouse, a juxtaposition that brought a complaint recently from the sitting judge. He didn't wish to impede the course of tourism now that it was rejuvenated, the jurist said, but when the music started, he was encountering some difficulty keeping the jury from dancing in the courtroom. □

First of two articles on Puerto Rico.

(**Outlook:** *continued from page 12.*)
Secretary of State, the commission arrived at the following conclusions:

- The premises of past American policies, from the Monroe Doctrine to the Alliance for Progress to Mature Partnership, have been seriously undermined by the major changes in the world, in Latin America, and in the United States.
- Our policies in the future must be based on the recognition of the fact that Latin America is not our "sphere of influence" to be insulated from the rest of the world, and that Latin American countries are playing an increasingly active and important role in a world of growing interdependence.
- U.S. policies must also recognize that there is a diversity among Latin American countries and that our interests do not require ideological conformity. We must respect their independence and their capacity to act independently.
- Our mutual concerns today center not on military security but on economic development, on the well-being of our citizens, on the coherence of our societies, and on the protection of individual liberties—all goals that cannot be attained in isolation or at the expense of our neighbors.
- Both self-interest and our fundamental values require that we nurture our common interests and historic ties in the Americas and cooperate in building a more equitable and mutually beneficial structure of international relations.

Pursuant to these conclusions, the commission made 33 specific recommendations for action by the United States. They included: an end to covert U.S. intervention in the internal affairs of Latin American countries such as took place in Chile; strengthening of efforts to assure protection of human rights in the hemisphere; developing an initiative in seeking to normalize relationships with Cuba; signing and ratification of a new Panama Canal treaty; encouraging arms-limitation agreements in the hemisphere; repeal of the Hickenlooper and Gonzalez amendments and avoiding other threats, such as unilateral economic sanctions; elimination of the U.S. veto power over fund operations of the Inter-American Development Bank; strengthening OAS conciliation and peacekeeping capacities; elimination of travel and migration restrictions to and from Latin America; enactment of a generalized trade preference that would be truly helpful to Latin America; establishment of a regional system for ex-

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change of commodities supply-and-demand projections and exploration of mechanisms to offset wide fluctuations in commodity supply, demand, and price; collaboration between the United States and Latin America in the development of codes of conduct defining rights and responsibilities of foreign investors and governments as well as the establishment of impartial fact-finding mechanisms; and U.S. assistance in the development of scientific and technical capabilities.

Little has been done since the issuance of the commission's report and recommendations to improve the general climate of relationships in the hemisphere. The trend toward divisiveness and indifference is a matter of real concern. Erosion of mutual trust and respect has increased as U.S.–Latin American relations have been clouded by revelations of covert intervention in Chile; by the sharpening differences within the hemisphere over how to respond to major violations of fundamental human rights; by the failure to make real progress in the vital area of economic cooperation; and by the continuing uncertainty concerning the strength of the U.S. commitment to the solution of hemispheric problems.

During his trip Secretary Kissinger did undertake to deal with some of the economic concerns, but more—much more—remains to be done:

• The revelations regarding CIA involvement in Chile make it imperative that the United States renounce clearly and forthrightly any unilateral intervention—overt or covert—in the internal affairs of Latin American countries. An unequivocal Presidential declaration reinforced by a congressional resolution is called for. Any equivocation on this score will be regarded as inconsistent with our professed support of a mutually respective world order in which governments are responsible for their own policies and actions.

• The reports of extensive repression in Chile and elsewhere underscore the importance of having the United States take a much firmer stand in implementing its proclaimed commitment to the protection of fundamental human rights. The United States should press for an international investigation—by the United Nations or the OAS—of alleged repressive practices, and should cease providing aid and support to regimes that systematically violate human rights. At the same time, measures for providing relief to the victims of repression should be made effective.

• Although negotiations with reference to a new treaty with Panama for the Panama Canal are slowly making progress, in an election year there will be great temptation to try to make the canal a political issue. To do so would be to prejudice the negotiations in a manner that might well endanger the possibility of settlement. It is important for the President strongly to reaffirm his support for the new treaty negotiations now under way, and for the administration to begin to build requisite public and congressional backing for the treaty.

• New tensions and developments have interrupted progress in the normalization of relations with Cuba. Cuba's position with reference to Puerto Rico and its intervention in Angola have imposed roadblocks to such normalization. Despite these setbacks, the United States must stand ready to explore in the right way and at the right time such measures as lifting the blockade on food and medicine to Cuba in return for an appropriate Cuban response.

Steps such as these will be helpful as indications of our commitment. But basic problems will remain, and one that is least recognized is the failure of the United States to learn that what we have in common with Latin America is a good deal more than Latin America itself. Secretary Kissinger took this into account in the consultative agreement entered into with Brazil. But Latin America consists of much more than Brazil. In international arenas such as the United Nations, we cannot assume an easy or permanent mutuality of interest between us and the countries of Latin America. We must expect that the Latin American countries will act in ways which they determine to be best for themselves—whether or not these will be helpful or harmful to the United States. Therefore, it is in our best interest to try to work with the countries of Latin America in developing common approaches to global issues so that the Latin American countries will in turn find it in their own interest to cooperate with us.

We will not begin to deal realistically with Latin America until we recognize that in Latin America we are playing for high stakes, much higher than in so many other parts of the world that over the years have absorbed our attention and have been given so much higher priority on our list of concerns. For what we are playing for is a chance to work with our neighbors in shaping our own hemisphere and in trying to bring into being the kind of world we have so long sought—one free from war and want. □

"Your sermon on conserving resources really hit the mark."

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

The other day we had a dream. We had just taken a long plane ride from California to New York crammed into the middle seat of a crowded flight, in the tourist section. Upon arrival, we called the airline. We asked to speak to the man in charge of designing the inferior—we mean the interior—of the tourist cabin. Since it was a dream, we were immediately put through. We told the man that though our body was in an advanced stage of total immobility, our mind was still active. We asked him if he would mind answering a few personal questions. He said no. How tall, we asked, was he?

"Three feet nine," he replied.

Aha, we smiled. He was larger than we thought. Our second question was what he did in sports. At this he expressed surprise—why did we want to know? We were sure, we said, he was a bobsledder.

"A bobsledder!" he exclaimed.

Yes, we explained patiently, and when the man in front of us put his seat back, we felt we too were bobsledding—only it was, after all, a 2,500-mile run. It also seemed to us a two-man bobsled with, unfortunately, four people in it.

Which brought us to our third and final question. This one we made very simple. We asked the man if he could count. He said he could. Beyond four? we pursued. This he did not answer, but we told him that we too could count, and that by our counting there were four armrests for three seats—and that this, by our figuring for three people, left two arms over. How, we wanted to know, did he figure it?

Apparently he did not. Because, instead, he hung up.

Which proved an important point—at least he had *one* arm.

HEADLINE OF THE MONTH—as found by Mrs. Theodore Schulz of Aptos, Calif., in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*:

WESTERN ONION REVIVES SINGING TELEGRAM

No tears, now—happy songs only.

"Pas mal, Toulouse."

THE BODY POLITIC—as unearthed by Alfred Wilcox, of the Mathematical Association of America, in the *Washington Post*:

When the U.S. News survey asked the party leaders if the Democrats need a Southerner on the ticket "to help hold the South," 59 percent said no, and 41 percent said less.

Sounds like bad news for Humphrey.

WANT AD—as found by Diane Niemeyer of Walla Walla, Wash., in the Walla Walla *Union Bulletin*:

Three rooms, most utilities, air, storage available. Older person preferred. Will consider small dog.

Presumably no puppies.

OBITUARY DEPT.—as dug up by M. E. Atcheson, of South Laguna, Calif., in the *Los Angeles Times*:

Development of a mortuary at the site will cause residents "psychological and emotional distress and depression," the suit alleges, and impair their "happiness, tranquility and peach of mind."

Ah, let a man's peach exceed his grasp.

DANCE NEWS—as spotted by Rosa Lu Wofford of Moncks Corner, S.C., in the Hannahan *News*:

The Ball began at 7:30 P.M. and ceremonies began at 10:15 P.M. The ceremonies included the honoring of the academic excellence presented by Henry Bonner, as well as the crowing of Miss ROTC.

Not, we hope, till dawn.

SOCIAL NOTE—as discovered by Pat Giltz of Toledo, Ohio, in the East Toledo *Sun*:

The bride helped celebrate the country's Bicentennial by wearing satin bloomers trimmed in lace made by the bride's sister.

Well, every little bit helps. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 69

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 60.

The male who flaunts his _ _ _ _ _, bronzed and bare,
Betrays Man's _ _ _ _ _ _ in lower forms of life.
He struts and crows—the barnyard cock's true heir–
But meekly comes to _ _ _ _ beside his wife.

A. S.

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

The Might of the Midgets

Who invented jet propulsion? Chemical warfare? Air conditioning?

Who first mastered celestial navigation? The principles of aerodynamics? Cold light?

Who, for that matter, first made paper? Or homed in on a target by heat sensors? Or employed radar?

Not the clever Chinese, the canny Egyptians, the incredible Tom Edison. Each of the cosmic breakthroughs listed above was first achieved by—insects.

My knowledge of the insect world is about as thin as my mastery of *The Proteptics of Iamblichus*. But I've been reading a good deal, for simple pleasure and enormous rewards, about the anthropods, and my mind is so excited that I can't wait to pass on some of the most fascinating facts I've ever encountered.

About nine-tenths of the animal population of our world consists of insects; more than a million species have been identified, and some 6,000 new ones are recorded each year. The only place uninhabited by insects is the sea.

Fossils tell us that many species of insects are today buzzing and biting and burrowing with the same equipment they had 200 million years ago. This phenomenal persistence of form flows from the fact that insects are tiny, fantastically fertile, and have adapted to every twist and trick of evolution with composure.

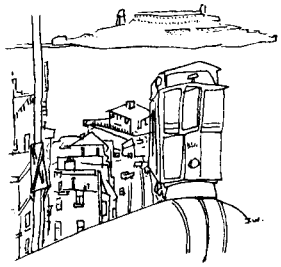
Insect mouths, for example, can lap, snip, chew, suck, pierce, or smooch. Insect limbs can crawl, creep, dig, bore, walk in state, or jump like giants. A flea leaps 200 times its length, which is like a person jumping five blocks or high-jumping 450 feet. Man!

Protective coloration and prodigious mimicry have outwitted insect predators down through the eons. Nor is longevity to be ignored. A queen termite can live 50 years and produce 500 million eggs. One African lady termite lays 43,000 eggs *per diem*, at no cost to the government.

Now, most of us get pretty annoyed by the fleet fly, the racing roach, the merciless mosquito. (Insects insist on alliteration: they are an egotistical lot.) But I hope you will bear in mind, the next time a wasp or tsetse harasses you, that only 1 measly percent of insects are harmful. (To be perfectly open and aboveboard, that 1 percent does destroy about one-tenth of the annual gross wealth potential of the United States, counting the cost of pest control.)

Insects are our priceless benefactors: by pollinating, eating harmful creatures, and supplying food for more birds and fish than I can mention. Never forget that it is from insects that we get honey, silk, cochineal (whatever *that* is) and lac (ditto). The fruit fly and its relatives are unexcelled for use in certain experiments: scientists adore them. I'll bet that many of you are alive today because of discoveries in genetics made via the fecund fruit fly.

Insects' eyesight, and their sense of smell, are enough to make mortals drool. A one-inch-long "little beasty" may have 50,000 eyes (if you're counting). Some moths can scent ladyloves more than a mile away—even if the doll



is in a city steeped in a thousand other smells. The male luna moth mates and then dies. I would rather not comment on this.

Insects don't hear (they have no tympanic membranes, or eardrums) but are guided supremely well by the sound vibrations they pick up in delicate organs on the leg or belly.

Insects are unbelievably strong. A man has fewer than 800 muscles; the caterpillar has more than 4,000. Even more shaming to me is the fact that insects scorn fatigue. The desert locust can fly for nine hours without rest. Some dragonflies reach a velocity of 50 mph. The monarch butterfly stores enough fat in its scarcely obese body to travel 650 miles!

As for sheer strength, insects surpass elephants and Olympic weight lifters. Some modest little beetles can lift objects 850 times their own weight; that's like Kojak hoisting 170,000 pounds. (I don't think he can do it; neither can all seven Santini Brothers.)

The ferocity of insects has escaped the romantics who dwell on beautiful Mother Nature. In the tropics, blind, carnivorous army ants march 100,000 strong and kill anything in their path (except the stinkbug). Army ants' mandibles are so strong that they can devour pythons or whole tethered horses in a few hours. The reason stinkbugs survive is that they are expert in chemical warfare: they exude a most disgusting odor when they are handled. Some ants squirt formic or hydrochloric acid. About 50 caterpillar species are poisonous, and some "spit tobacco" with formidable results.

Most insects possessing chemical repellents are beautifully, strikingly colored. This is a form of reverse advertising, for an assassin, having killed and tasted an icky insect, will avoid prey of the same un-kosher color in the future.

Now for the climax: insects have exercised an influence on human history greater than gunpowder, Genghis Khan, Hitler, NATO, or napalm. Fevers, infections, plagues, and pestilences have slaughtered more armies and civilians than generals, cannons, and bombs. Hans Zinsser's enchanting *Rats, Lice, and History* traces the fantastic power of typhus and its siblings: cholera, typhoid, dysentery. "They decided more campaigns than Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon."

In A.D. 444 an epidemic in Britain made it possible for the brutish Saxons to prevail. Plagues doomed Greek power, the Roman Empire, proud Byzantium. The outcome of the Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, the French Revolution, the decline of Portugal and Spain —each and all were determined by the little-acknowledged power of insects. Typhus had as much to do with World War I as the combatants' mighty forces.

Finale: a passage from W. J. Holland's *The Moth Book*:

> When the moon shall have faded out from the sky, and the sun shall shine at noon-day a dull cherry red, and the seas shall be frozen over, and the ice-cap shall have crept downward to the equator from either pole . . . when all the cities shall have long been dead and crumbled into dust, and all life shall be on the last verge of extinction on this globe; then, on a bit of lichen, growing on the bald rocks beside the eternal snows of Panama, shall be seated a tiny insect, preening its antennae in the glow of the worn-out sun, representing the sole survivor of animal life on this our earth—a melancholy bug. □

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Name Your Problem

The Double-Crostic in the February 7 *SR* was based on a quotation from *The Fine Art of Propaganda* by Alfred McClung Lee and Elizabeth Briant Lee. I gather that the Lees are not, themselves, D-C fans. Dr. Alfred Lee wrote to say, "Even before the solution for your . . . Double-Crostic appeared, my wife and I had a number of telephone calls about your use of our material," implying that the Lees hadn't discovered by solving the puzzle themselves that it had been inspired by their work. That's okay. Not every brain is the puzzlehead type.

Dr. Lee is president of the American Sociological Association, and I was delighted when, about a year ago, I got a letter from him in response to a *Light Refractions* called "Talk of Sociology." I had been critical of the weird jargon used by some sociologists, saying, "Once you've taken seriously the idea that you can describe the 'real world' objectively, do you really have to invent an un-'real-world' language to turn the trick?

"What happens is that lots of people see the sociologists' new language as the Emperor's New Clothes, and that helps neither the sociologists nor the society they'd like to serve."

Dr. Lee wrote to tell me that the incomprehensibility of much sociological language was one of his own pet peeves.

A second column on sociologese said that several sociologists had written to me, agreeing with the first column, and others had written in disagreement. Those who disagreed tended to write murky sentences that needed syntactical rearrangement and to use words of four or five syllables whenever possible. Those who agreed, on the other hand, wrote with a minimum of clutter. That difference in style was to be expected, of course.

Dr. Lee's note in response to the Double-Crostic based on the Lees' book brought back to mind those two columns on sociologese, and the memory of those columns reminded me of another letter—one that has bothered me for months.

This letter came in response to the second column on sociologese. I answered it—inadequately, I think—and threw it away. It was a letter from a man who, I inferred, was young and was about to begin his first year of teaching sociology in college.

I had quoted part of a letter from Ms. Candis Cousins, who said that the language of sociology is "a way of guarding a trade . . . a way of keeping skills and paychecks among those who have paid their dues. . . . Sociology is not so much a body of knowledge as it is a language you learn in high school and college like Spanish or French or Chinese."

The young college instructor was, apparently, one who had learned the language. Proud of his acquired skill, he wrote to tell me that what Ms. Cousins had written was (I'm sure I remember the phrase correctly) a "simple latent function analysis."

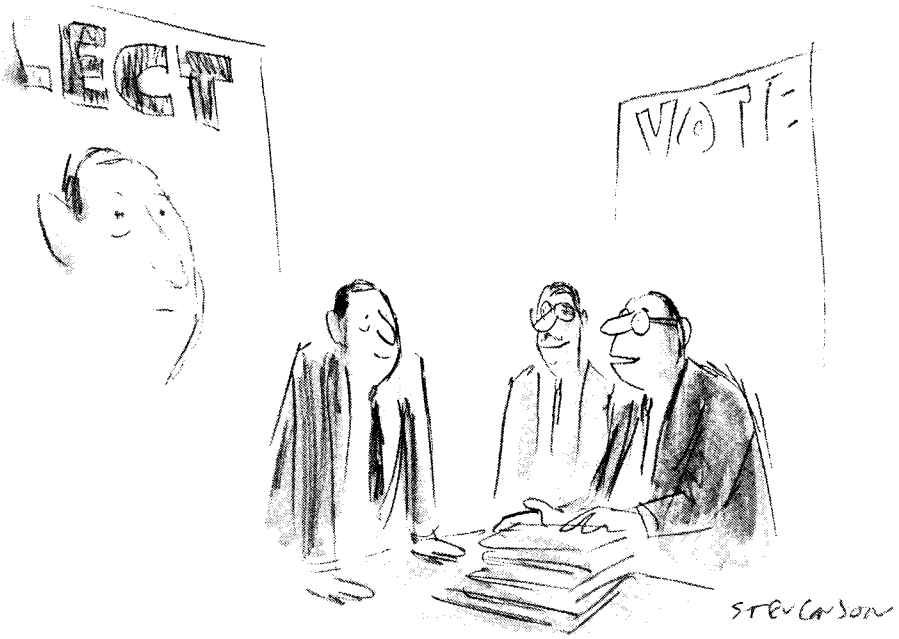
I think I figured out what that means. I think it means that Ms. Cousins, in analyzing sociologese, had found that it had a latent function—that of limiting the fraternity to those who had learned the language.

What I find disturbing is not so much the clumsy phrase "simple latent function analysis" as it is the fact that this instructor, who had, presumably, earned at least a master's degree in sociology, seemed to think he had countered Ms. Cousins. He'd read her argument and, with a flourish, had speared it with a lance labeled *simple latent function analysis*. And that was that.

I haven't made a study of the phenomenon, but, from some of the books I've read and quite a few conversations I've had, I've got a nagging feeling that there's a lot of this sort of thing going on in the fields of sociology and psychology, and that there has been a spillover into the lay world. It's the spurious resolution of problems by naming them. I asked my friend Dr. Alice Sachs, who is a clinical psychologist, if she thought there was any real basis for my nagging feeling. The first thing that came to her mind was *masochism*. She says it's very common for people to ask, "Why do I let people step on me all the time?" and that it is almost as common for them to accept the answer "masochism," as though that solved the problem.

Our sociology instructor didn't think it necessary to say whether or not he considered the simple latent function analysis a valid one. Merely by calling it by its rightful name, he had slain it.

I think this is one of the dangers of scientific jargon, as opposed to legitimate, necessary scientific terminology. If, as Ms. Cousins says, sociology—at least the sociology with which she was afflicted, as opposed to that championed by Dr. Lee—is a language, then the simple translation of a statement in clear English into its counterpart in sociologese will be hailed by the uncritical as creative thinking, whereas it is nothing but high-flown tautology. □



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(**Disarmament:** *continued from page 24.*)

The heart of Foster's proposition is that the imperative next step, if the arms race is not to get out of hand by its own self-propelled momentum, is to ban all testing, not only in the air and on the sea, but also underground, underwater—anywhere. No nuclear testing by either the United States or the Soviet Union.

"This would," Foster contends, "have a drastic and deterrent effect. Scientists could, of course, continue to create concepts for new and more powerful nuclear weapons, but without testing they could not be effectively produced. As for older weapons in stockpiles, unless tests are run from time to time, they would become untrustworthy.

"Of course, we would get some outcry of dismay from part of the American scientific community, but most likely it would not be great. Most U.S. scientists would welcome a release from what they regard as a negative use of their talents. The public and private institutions now engaged in weapons research should be relieved to pursue other goals."

It would be impossible to predict the Soviet response. Foster asks: why not find out?

In the past, he points out, the Russians have made sweeping and high-sounding proposals and have left the nit-picking to us. He suggests that the United States take the initiative to press forward with the one course of action that would have the real prospect of significantly reducing the peril and the burden of the mounting nuclear-arms race.

"On one point I am sure," he says. "For those who might fear that testing would continue surreptitiously and undetected, there is no basis for such fear. Of all the secrets most carefully guarded by both the United States and Russia, the means and methods of detecting tests are foremost. They are foolproof. No informed official seriously doubts their reliability. One country couldn't touch off a big firecracker without the other country detecting it.

"A beginning should be made. Even if we cannot at once attain the ideal of no nuclear testing, perhaps we could negotiate a decline in the number of tests.

"World debate, one hopes, would center on this simple and visible measure, and support could well mount for ending all such testing in the same way that it brought an end to atmospheric testing.

"This, I deeply believe, is the best, most practicable way to decelerate the arms race and, in time, to defuse it." □

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 56): torso, roots, roost.

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32 J	33 S	34 P	35 Z¹	36 K	37 H	38 R		39 D	40 M	41 V		42 G	43 A	44 T	45 C		46 V
47 D	48 H	49 Q	50 E	51 B	52 L	53 I		54 W	55 D		56 Z	57 L	58 A	59 D	60 G	61 N	62 O
	63 Y	64 I	65 C		66 J	67 V	68 A	69 M		70 Z¹		71 Z¹	72 S	73 O	74 T	75 I	76 C
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	138 Z	139 G		140 V	141 M	142 J	143 I	144 X	145 K	146 D		147 Z	148 E		149 X	150 K	
151 J	152 B	153 G	154 W		155 A	156 K	157 T		158 V	159 L	160 S		161 W	162 O	163 Q	164 K	
165 P	166 Z¹	167 F		168 Z¹		169 K	170 V	171 I	172 G	173 B	174 X		175 D	176 X	177 J	178 M	179 S
180 U		181 Z	182 X	183 R	184 Q		185 D	186 Y	187 B	188 N	189 E	190 F	191 G		192 I	193 L	194 U
	195 S	196 N	197 X	198 F	199 M	200 T	201 R		202 L	203 C	204 K	205 P	206 O	207 V	208 M	209 S	210 J
211 R	212 D		213 Z¹	214 T	215 Y	216 N	217 L	218 V	219 I	220 U	221 Z		222 L	223 X	224 G		225 Z¹
226 R	227 J	228 N		229 G	230 Y	231 M	232 P	233 C	234 Q	235 Z¹	236 D	237 N	238 H	239 U	240 W		

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Bernie Parent and Tony Esposito, for instance	21 43 58 68 105 115 155
B. Bum, good-for-nothing	173 187 28 51 79 127 152
C. Poisonous evergreen having showy rose-colored or white flowers	203 233 10 26 45 65 76 110
D. Russian pianist, composer, conductor (1873–1943)	132 146 175 212 39 47 59 113 236 3 55 185
E. Excessive admirer	189 6 50 83 94 117 128 148
F. Give or confer upon	198 1 106 122 167 190
G. English painter (1723–92), first president of the Royal Academy (full name)	42 60 77 104 172 191 229 22 98 116 139 153 224 8
H. Rouse	14 108 133 238 37 48
I. Acutely painful	53 64 75 143 171 192 219 18 90
J. Having receding jaws	101 11 32 78 134 151 177 227 20 29 66 118 142 210 93
K. Crookedness; misrepresentation	145 156 169 204 17 25 36 123 150 164
L. River flowing from northwest Florida to the Gulf of Mexico	193 52 82 97 217 120 159 16 202 57 86 222
M. Fashioned to a particular taste, purpose, etc. (comp.)	231 40 130 141 178 199 208 89 69 99

CLUES	WORDS
N. Simple bridle used chiefly in breaking colts	121 196 216 61 237 129 85 188 228
O. Father of Methuselah (Gen. 5:22)	62 73 206 124 162
P. Seaport, northeastern Italy	205 9 34 92 165 232 109
Q. Made merry	4 24 114 163 184 234 49
R. Naked; cooked plainly (2 wds.)	201 226 23 7 211 12 38 88 183
S. Equality of political rights	135 179 209 33 72 195 160
T. A knight of the Holy Grail (German legend)	87 214 44 96 136 74 157 200 100
U. Unity; agreement, concord	80 220 239 95 180 31 194
V. Remark that stirs up antagonism (2 wds.)	140 5 103 170 13 107 207 131 158 67 46 41 218
W. "Faintly as ____ the evening chime" (Moore, "Canadian Boat Song")	161 54 2 154 240
X. Imparted knowledge to	111 81 197 144 137 176 149 125 223 182 174
Y. He orders his Myrmidons to murder Hector (*Troilus and Cressida*)	230 215 63 19 27 186 119 30
Z. Sketches in outline (2 wds.)	56 147 91 112 181 221 126 102 138
Z¹. One who separates from an established church on account of a difference of opinion	35 71 225 168 235 213 70 15 166 84

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 95* appears on page 41.

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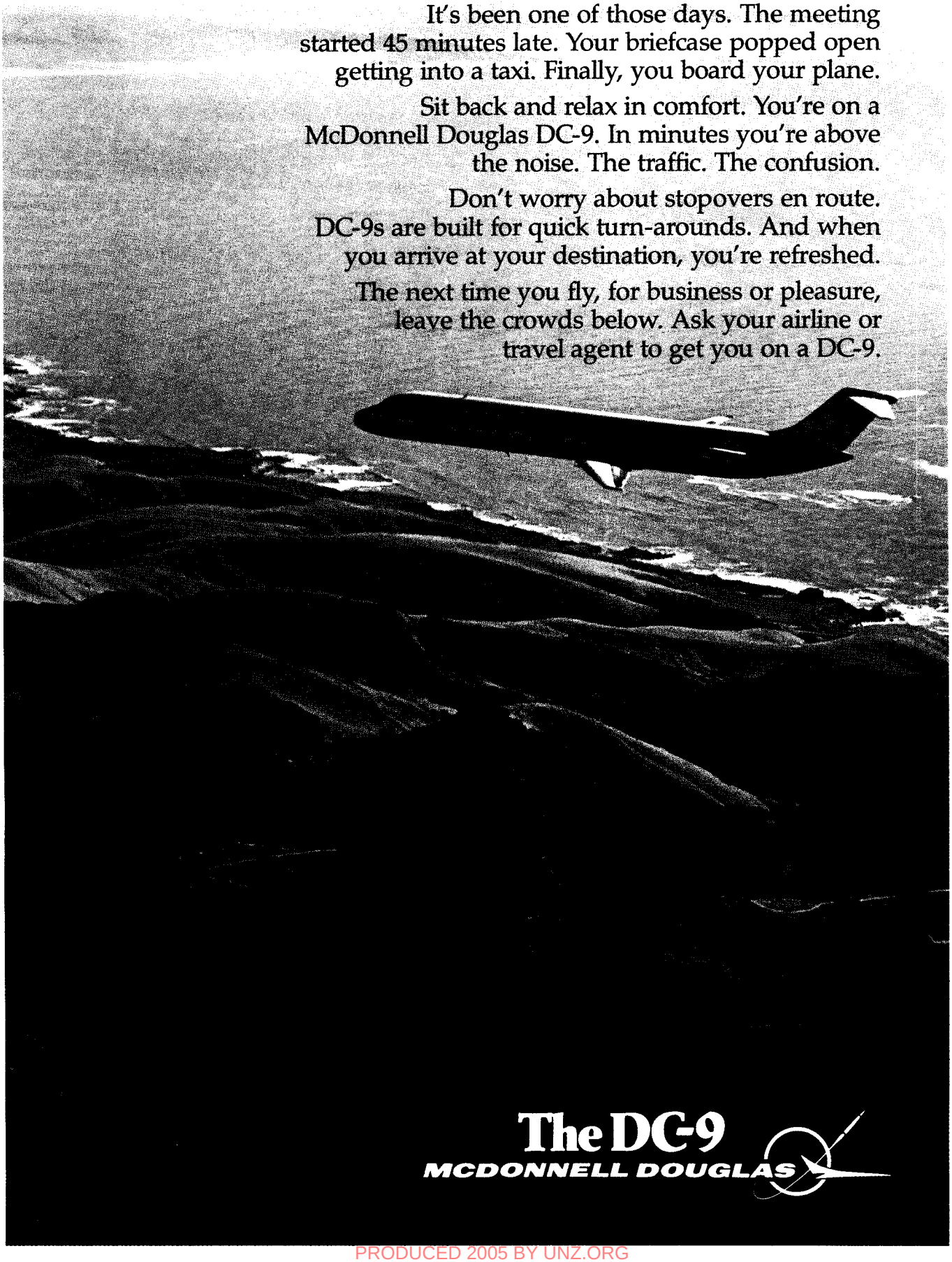

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13 mg. tar, 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

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